REAL WEST

CHARLTON PUBLICATION

EXPLOSIVE!!!
Women of our Western Heritage

50¢ MAY '74
CDC 00174

TRUE TALES OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

Heroine of the Alamo, Susannah Dickinson

The Day Jesse James Tried To Surrender

A Bloodstained Sword

Market Street, Mattie Silks

Countess in Exile, Lola Montez

Sierra Trail, Nancy Kelsey

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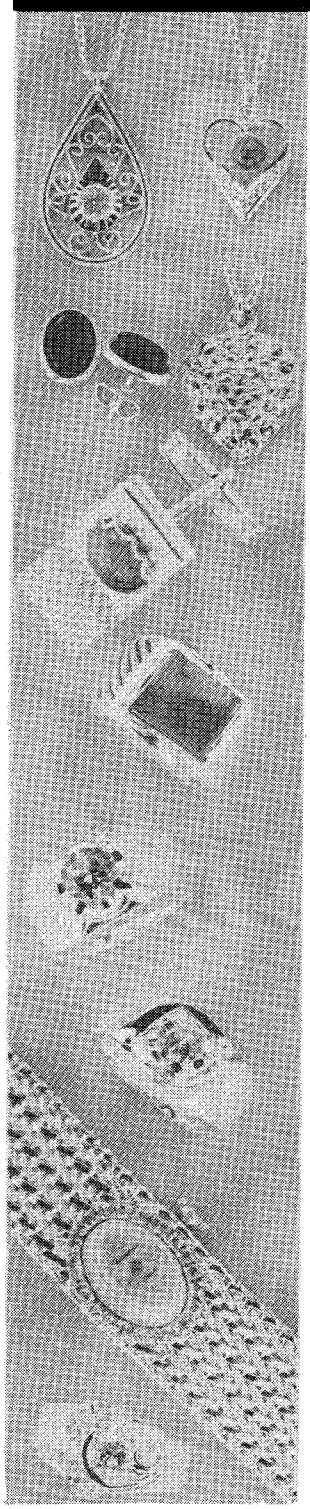

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Well, I'd like to tell you about a Home Guitar Course that won't cost you an arm and a leg...a guitar course that *really* works. Now found in many thousands of homes across the nation, it's the...

QUICK-PICKIN' 'N FUN-STRUMMIN'

HOME GUITAR COURSE

Created in association with the a leading publisher of guitar books... Alfred Music Co.

...it's yours for only through this special offer! $6.95

Since this Course is not available in stores...
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WHAT'S IN THE COURSE? WELL, IT HAS...

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2: A Book On Notes, and

3: Two 12" LP Teaching And Demonstration LP Stereo Records That Follow The Books Page By Page!

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REAL WEST

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EDITORIAL MANAGING EDITOR/Edward T. LeBlanc
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ART DIRECTOR/Madelyn Fisher
GUN EDITOR/Major R. O. Ackerman
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Shirley Tyler
VISUAL GRAPHICS/Ernie Pisacane
COPY EDITOR/Charlotte Waller

The Brand of Quality

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YOUR NERVES CAN CURE THEMSELVES

once you learn how to de-sensitize them, this doctor's ingenious new way...

If You Suffer From A Single One Of These Torturous Symptoms Of Nerves, Tension Or Chronic Anxiety, THEN THE FACTS BELOW MAY BE THE MOST IMPORTANT YOU HAVE EVER READ IN YOUR LIFE!

Because they reveal, for the first time, *how your nerves have tricked you* into the following mental symptoms:

constant nervousness and over-irritation... indecision... depression ... loss of confidence in yourself and others... feelings of unreality... overwhelming obsession with one or two horrible thoughts...

a hopeless feeling that your entire personality is coming apart... that your identity is dissolving... or that you may be helplessly drifting into a nervous breakdown!

And—equally as bad—*how your nerves have tricked you* into the following physical symptoms:

chronic fatigue, that starts in the morning, and grows worse as the day goes on...

"missed" heartbeats—"racing" heart—palpitations—or sudden sharp pains under the heart...

sweating hands—or "pins and needles" in either your hands or your legs...

"churning" stomach... nausea... choking feeling in the throat... inability to take a deep breath... tight band of pain around the head..."ready to jump out of your skin"... strange tricks of vision ... weak spells... insomnia, that goes on night after night after night...

hand shaking... panic spasms... knots in your chest... dizziness... difficulty in swallowing... vomiting... *and all the other physical tortures that turn your life into one continuous hell!*

And Every One Of These Nervous Symptoms Can Be Controlled... And Then Diminished ...And Then Eliminated—OFTEN BY AS LITTLE AS THIS ONE SINGLE INSIGHT INTO *THEIR HIDDEN CAUSE!*

And *that insight is this:*
If you suffer from any of the nervous symptoms listed above, then you *must understand at once that your nerves are not ill... they have not deteriorated... they have not lost their true physical health in any way!* What has happened to them instead is that they have simply become OVER-SENSITIZED..."rubbed raw" by too much outside irritation *...and are now ready to discharge the emotional and physical symptoms of panic at even the slightest thing that goes wrong!*

Thus, the depression... indecision... loss of confidence and all the other emotional symptoms you feel are all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves! And the churning stomach... palpitating heart... never-ending headaches and all the other physical nervous-symptoms you feel are—again—all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves!

And therefore the way to treat ALL these symptoms is NOT with drugs... NOT with shock... NOT with medical formulations or hospitalizations at all! *The way to treat these nerves is to change the poisonous-thoughts that are rubbing them raw!*

And this is done (as proven by this internationally-famed physician on thousands of patients) in four simple steps! The first of which *stops nervous symptoms (both physical and emotional) from multiplying from that moment on!* The second of which *serves to tranquilize and quiet down those over-sensitized nerves far more powerfully (and permanently) than any drug a pharmacist could ever give you!*

The third of which lets you stop fighting those symptoms (which only intensifies them in an ever-increasing spiral of sheer torment), and—instead—*leave them alone in an ingenious way that lets them start healing themselves!*

And the fourth of which—the great reward—*brings you slowly-but-surely back to the person you used to be! With a new, enduring feeling of control and confidence that nothing can destroy!* So much so that this doctor actually comes right out and states bluntly: *"The advice given here will definitely cure you, if you only follow it"!*

In Fact, Case History After Case History Proves That Cure May Be So Dramatically Quick That Your Friends And Family *Will Beg You To Tell Them Your Secret!*

Once again, it doesn't matter what physical or emotional symptoms *you are now suffering from... how "deeply entrenched" they are...* how long you have been plagued by them... how "old" or "weak" or "out-of-control" you may feel today! *Here is specific, step-by-immediate-step advice that will* (again to quote directly from the doctor) *"banish every unwelcome sensation and regain peace of mind and body"!*

For example:

The two-minute self-treatment (you perform one ingenious little action with your chest) *that ends sudden panic seizures on the spot*—including all their side effects such as dizziness, pins and needles, involuntary stiffening of the joints, inability to breathe, and all the rest.

That "lump in the throat that won't go away"—*how to banish it in minutes... and enjoy eating any food you wish to once again!*

Physical weakness—perhaps the most dreaded of all symptoms—and (surprisingly) perhaps *the fastest of all to banish!*

How to deal with the twin monsters of fatigue and guilt! And leave behind emotional exhaustion... morning depression... thoughts that once raced around and around in your mind without cessation! (And leave them all behind—*for good!*)

Why so many patients who tried these simple techniques *actually came out of their nervous sicknesses as far finer and stronger people than they ever were before!*

How to recover from chronic tension caused by an insoluable problem! The only sane way to overcome it! How to avoid unnecessary suffering, for both yourself and others! And, perhaps, *actually turn your worst defeat into crowning success!*

The surest and most permanent way to cure obsessions!

How to tap the forces of Nature, every morning, *that are just waiting to cure you!*

How to bring happiness back into your everyday life! Not by waiting for some great event or reward... *but simply by developing the eyes to see joy in the little things all around you!*

How to beat insomnia! Again, specific, proven step-by-step instructions! Ten different aids that may have you waking up tomorrow morning as fresh as a baby, with eight full hours of blissful sleep replenishing every cell in your body!

And—the final goal: How to develop the kind of nervous control that automatically turns panic off the instant it starts! That frees you forever from "nerve-crutches" such as drugs or alcohol! That lets you pick up your life again from the point where over-sensitized nerves forced you to abandon it, with absolute confidence that you now have the poise and self-possession to accomplish the goals you have always wanted!

WHAT OTHERS SAY:

"...helped me so much and released me from the particular hell I have been living in since my breakdown six years ago."

"I think of Dr. Weekes with admiration and deep gratitude, as I am sure thousands of other people are doing."

"Looking back now I am amazed at the progress I have made in such a comparatively short time."

"It would be no exaggeration to add that your book saved my life."

"The method you give for cure of nervous conditions is so effective—and so simple—I cannot think why, out of all the professional people I have seen and all the books I have read in an effort to find a cure, nothing remotely like your system has been suggested to me.

"The great reassurance you give about the distressing physical symptoms of a disturbed nervous system is one of the greatest benefits to be derived from your book."

"You cannot possibly imagine what a relief it is to be able to view life normally again, instead of fear-panic all the while."

"I cannot describe the emotion I felt to find, at last, someone who really understood the problem, and to hear her say the condition can be cured.... If only this understanding person had the time to take all sufferers under her wing."

"I would like you to know that my nervous condition has so greatly improved through the advice gleaned from your most precious and invaluable book... that all symptoms have now disappeared and I rarely need Librium or sleeping capsules."

"My physician is amazed at my progress and of course I showed him your book which he borrowed and read thoroughly and is now recommending to other patients in like circumstances."

"My wife has made a vast improvement since using your book and now feels for the first time like getting away from the hospital altogether. I'm sure if she had had your treatment in earlier years she would never have had to go into the hospital at all."

WHAT THE PUBLISHER SAYS:

HOPE AND HELP FOR YOUR NERVES *has sold over 250,000 copies and has been endorsed by medical and mental-health associations throughout the world. Millions of Americans have heard Dr. Weekes on television and radio shows and have read excerpts from the book which recently appeared in* Reader's Digest. *If you are one of the many whose nerves are on edge and who sometimes feel panic and don't know why, this remarkable book was written for you. The reader discovers the simple treatment the author recommends for the dreaded and mystifying experiences known as "nerves"—indecision, suggestibility, feelings of panic, sleeplessness, loss of confidence, unreality, depression, and countless other recognized feelings of ill health.*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

DR. CLAIRE WEEKES became interested in the problems of nervous illness when she observed in her medical practice that those who suffered most suffered "nervously." Dr. Weekes is Consulting Physician to the Rachel Forster Hospital in Sydney, Australia. She has written articles for popular magazines in England and has appeared widely on English television.

Dr. Weekes has appeared with Mike Douglas, Arlene Francis, Barry Farber and many other U.S. radio and TV shows.

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of HOPE AND HELP FOR YOUR NERVES, #80035, by Claire Weekes, M.D.! I enclose $5.98 in full payment. In addition, I understand that I may examine this book for a full 30 days entirely at your risk. If at the end of that time, I am not satisfied, I will simply return the book to you for every cent of my money back.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

CORRECTION

Dear Sir:

The writer has subscribed to your wonderful magazine for a long time, a real masterpiece. Also want to thank you for the mighty fine articles by Mr. Carl Breihan.

I'm writing you regarding several things in the September 1973 issue. First, some discrepancies in the Ballad of Jesse James by Harold Preece. Jesse was shot April 3, 1882 and not April 16. (Page 9). Jesse just had two children, a son, Jesse Edwards James and a daughter, Mary James (that lived).

Twin boys died in infancy about a week after birth in Humphreys County, Tennessee, near Waverly, and they were buried there.

Jesse was not first interred by his mother in a cemetery near Excelsior Springs, but was buried under a coffee-bean tree on the James homestead at Kearney, Mo. His body was removed later to the Kearney cemetery at the request of his dying wife, Zee.

The other subject I would like to ask you about is on page 55 of the "Mail Roundup", regarding a request from a Walter L. Finkel, for a copy of REAL WEST for November 1966, as a descendant of a survivor of Custer's Last Stand, a Frank Finkel. In all articles I've read, I can't for the life of me remember reading there was ever a survivor. I did read or hear that there was a horse, can't recall his name right now. Would you please be good enough to drop me a line regarding the above? I might just have that copy. Thanking you in advance.

Sincerely,
Fred Mangold,
2101 Hand St.,
Orlando, Florida 32806

Get out your copy of the November 1966 issue of Real West. Frank Finkel was indeed a survivor of the Custer massacre.

WANTS PHOTOS OF STAGECOACHES

Dear Sir:

Just finished reading the last outstanding issue of REAL WEST. Have read REAL WEST for a number of years and I enjoy it immensely. Unfortunately I am incarcerated at the Washington State Penitentiary in Walla Walla, Washington. At present, as a hobby I am building stagecoaches and other wagons and buckboards, but mainly stagecoaches. As it is hard to get photos and drawings of originals, I would be most appreciative if you could send material of this type, as it would help me very much to support myself in a place where it is extremely hard to make a dollar. It would also give me great satisfaction and fill in many hours of idle time. For these services I have nothing to offer, but I would be most pleased to send photos of the finished products.

I have been an avid reader of REAL WEST for many years as I mentioned, and I would be most grateful if it would be possible to get a free year's subscription. Not only would I read it, but it would be passed on to many people throughout the institution so we could all share your wonderful magazine.

Sincerely yours,
Gary L. Frizzell
#128356,
P.O. Box 520,
Walla Walla, Washington 99362

UTAH CARL

Real West:

We like your Old West song stories. One of the best is "Utah Carl". This song used to go the rounds on the 101. Wonder who wrote it and when?

I am enclosing a copy. I sure would like to know the genealogy of the Utah Carl song.

E.R. Pierce
Rt. 1-Box 385
Ozark, Ark. 72949

P.S. Where would we be without REAL WEST Magazine?

UTAH CARL

Well now my friends you ask me
What makes me sad and still;
And why my brow is darkened
Like clouds upon yon hill.
Ride in your ponies closer
I'll tell to you the tale,
Of Utah Carl my partner
His last ride on the trail.

We rode the range together
We rode it side by side;
I wept when Utah died.
While rounding up one morning
Our work was almost done,
On his side the cattle started
Frightened on the run.

Our Boss' little daughter
Was riding on that side;
Where she was nearest Utah
And saw when Utah died.
For underneath the saddle
The Boss' daughter rode,
Utah that very morning
Had placed a bright red robe.

Said it might ride easier
For her his little friend;
And it was that red blanket
That brought him to his end.
The blanket was now draggin'
Behind her on the ground,
The frightened cattle saw it
And charged it with a bound.
Lenore then saw her danger
And slowed her Pony's pace;
Leaning in her saddle
Tried the blanket to replace,
While leaning lost her balance
Fell before that wild tide,
Lie still Lenore I'm coming
The words that Utah cried.

His faithful Pony saw it
And reached her with a bound;
I thought he'd been successful
He raised her from the ground.
But weight upon the saddle
Had n'er been felt before,
The cinch girth snapped asunder
He fell beside Lenore.

Now picking up the blanket
He swung it o'er his head;
Started for the Prairie
Lie still Lenore he said.
His pistol flashed like lightning
Reports rang loud and clear,
Herds rushed down upon him
But he dropped the leading steer.

They wrapped him in the blanket
That saved his little friend;
That very same red blanket
That brought him to the end.
I went to church next Sunday
And Heard the Parson say,
I don't think our friend Utah
Will lose on that great day.

From the old Miller Brothers
101 Ranchero, Marland, Okla.

ANYONE REMEMBER TRUE WESTERN STORIES OF 1912-14?

Gentlemen:

At this time I would like to ask you a question regarding another magazine published many years ago.

About 1912-14, I am not sure of the year, I

(continued on next page)

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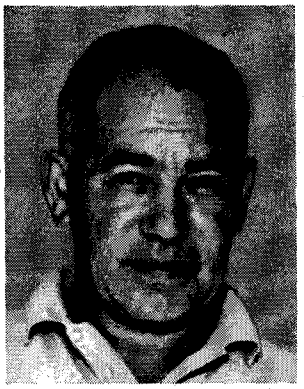
when I planned to **retire before fifty**

this is the business that made it possible

a true story by John B. Haikey



Starting with borrowed money, in just eight years I gained financial security, sold out at a profit and retired.

"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it on a little over a thousand dollars of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount—a little over a thousand dollars—and that amount I could borrow. I could work it as a one-man business while getting a start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop rent or other overhead. For transportation I could use the trunk of my family car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits.) But, best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And, I could build this little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it *lifts out* the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist recently signed a contract for over $40,000 a year for just one hotel.

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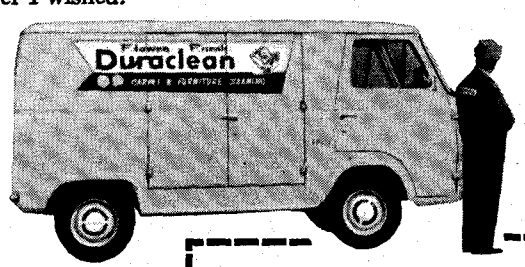

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received a magazine thru the mail, Sample copy. It was about the same size as The American Magazine with smooth paper. I think as I remember the title was True Western Stories. I subscribed to the magazine and received it for about a year and a half, then they folded up. I remember there was one story about the Bowers and Bowers mansion outside of Reno. In 1921 I was sent to Reno with the Associated Oil Co. and learned about the Bowers Mansion and the story was the same as I was told.

My question is "do you know of the magazine?

Very truly yours,
Eugene M. Ryder,
724 North Stewart Ave.,
Tucson, Arizona 85716

CUSTER DEFENDED

Dear Mr. Le Blanc:

I would like to comment on the exceedingly interesting letter from Keeler J. Hopkins in RW (Jan. 1974) concerning the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

To clarify a few points raised by Mr. Hopkins:

- General Custer was not recognized by any of the Indians at the battle because he had cut his hair before leaving on his last campaign and was not expected to be there at that time.

- The report that Tom Custer had been scalped three times (it is possible to take more than just the forelock with separate cuts) and that General Custer had not been scalped but had been shot twice ... once in the head and once in the heart ... came from official army reports filed by General Gibbon's command, which found the bodies the next day.

- Mr. Hopkins is quite correct: Sitting Bull did not take part in the battle. The article merely stated that he was in camp, and as spiritual leader, he doubtless provided inspiration for the warriors. With brilliant strategists like Gall and Crazy Horse in the field and the great Sitting Bull to encourage them, the Indians were very fortunate in their leadership that day.

- Custer and the Seventh Cavalry had been ordered to scout for Indians under a general command to round up all the hostiles and dissidents and force them onto reservations. Right or wrong, the idea had come from Washington, and Custer's written orders stated:

"It is, of course, impossible to give you any definite instructions in regard to this movement, and were it not impossible to do so the department commander places too much confidence in your zeal, energy and ability to wish to impose upon you precise orders which might hamper your action when nearly in contact with the enemy."

It has unfortunately become stylish to curse Custer as the symbol of Indian degradation. It is usual to feel contempt for a defeated enemy; indeed, the Indians themselves suffered for many years from this all too human failing. The irony is that, of all the American commanders in the West at that time, Custer had the most sympathy and respect for the Indians and their way of life. His articles, which were widely read and published in book form before his death, hit hard at government policies and expressed deep concern for the future of the entire American Indian population.

All of the above is completely documented. See *The Custer Myth*, by W.A. Graham (1953) and *My Life on the Plains*, by George Armstrong Custer (1874).

Mr. Hopkins is right again when he says that the federal government was breaking treaty by being there in the first place. However, the fact remains that the valiant dead on both sides of this endlessly controversial battle deserve an honest appraisal of what they really did, and why.

Sincerely,
Stephanie Cooper Shulsinger
26907 Indian Peak Road,
Palos Verdes Peninsula, Calif.
90274

TAKES EXCEPTION TO MR. BOOK'S LETTER

Dear Sir:

Today I received my January '74 issue of REAL WEST, and I was shocked, to say the least, by one of the letters in "The Mail Roundup". It was written by Herbert L. Book, a self-styled, Western Historical expert.

While I have no quarrel with Mr. Book's wide omniscience of the Old West, I emphatically disagree with him when he questions Mr. Carl W. Breihan's profound knowledge, experience, and source of information about the colorful heroes and their families of that period in our history.

Without question, for instance, Mr. Breihan is unparalleled in his knowledge about the life and times of The James Boys, The Younger Brothers, and many other Historical figures of that era.

Mr. Book further states that he is sick and tired of reading about these people. If this is the case, let him read other types of magazines.

Sincerely yours,
Everett L. Mullins
2124 So. 11th St.
Springfield, Illinois 62703

INDIAN WOMEN

Dear Sir:

In your February issue of REAL WEST, J. Hadnutt M. McQuade, Hertfordshire, England, asked if Indian women were ill-treated by the men and if they had to do all the harder work.

You recommended reading, *The Sioux Life and Customs of a Warrior Society*. I agree, it is an excellent book, the best and most comprehensive book on this and any subject on Indian life I have ever read!

In addition, your English readers might also be interested in the Indian woman's view on this subject. I know of one book that probably would cover this perfectly: *Pretty Shield, Medicine Woman of the Crows*, by Frank B. Linderman (who spent 40 years among the Crows) published by the John Day Company. It is a classic of American Indian life and was originally published as *Red Mother*. It vividly describes the *feminine* view of Indian life, childhood, the duties of girls and women in the tribe, etc.

Sincerely,
Mrs. E.M. Larson,
126 Black Butte Road,
Route 1, Weed, Calif. 96094

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear REAL WEST:

I read your magazine regularly. I am 13 and would like to hear from anyone that is interested in being pen pals with a real REAL WEST reader.

PLEASE WRITE.

Bill Merrill
8513 Edgemere Blvd.
El Paso, Texas 79925 •RW

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER

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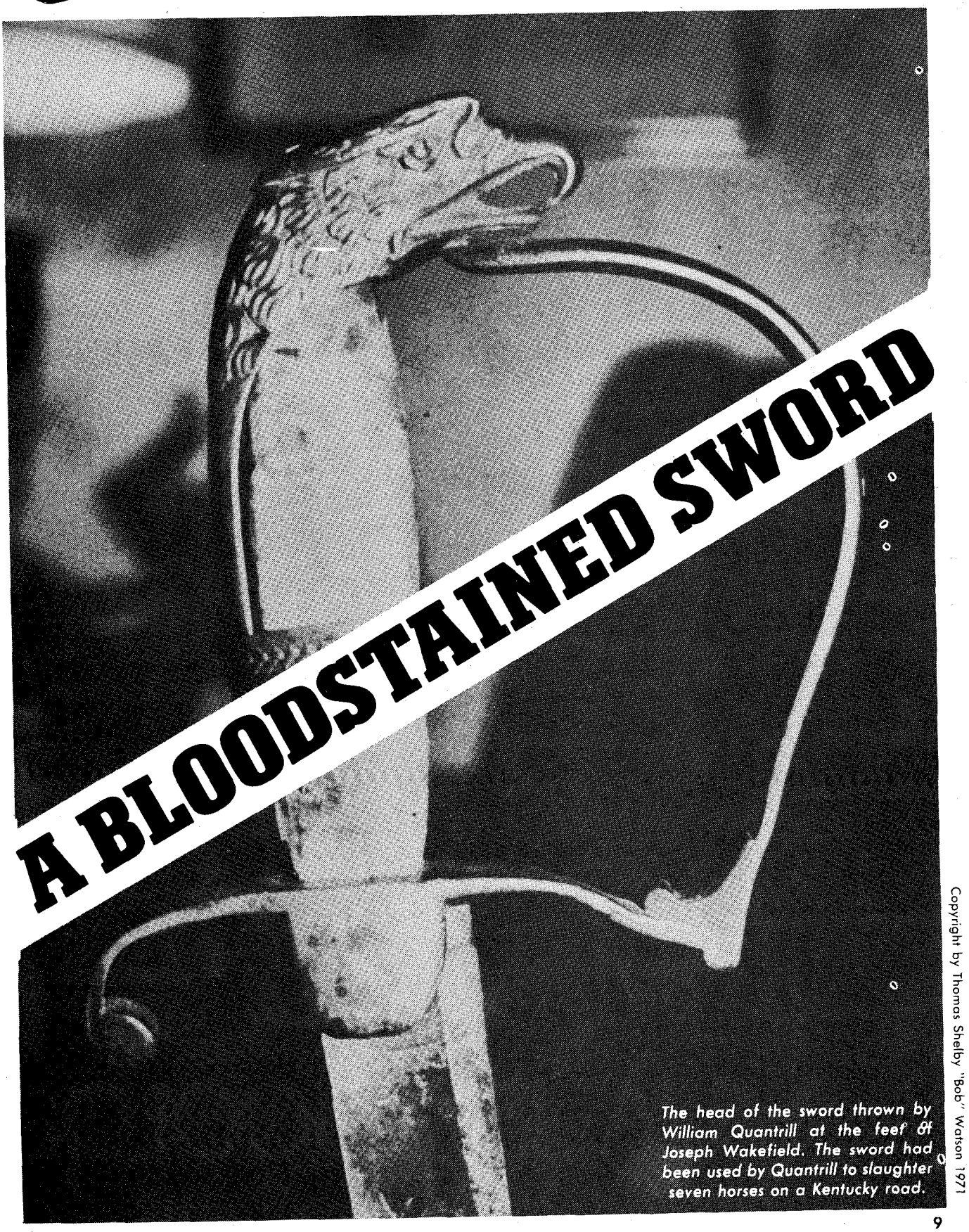
COVER STORY

William Clarke Quantrill has been called "the bloodiest man in American history". He led his band of guerillas during the Civil War, slaughtering and looting, burning and sacking towns as he rode. He seemed to lead a charmed life ... until the very end.

By Thomas Shelby "Bob" Watson

A BLOODSTAINED SWORD



The head of the sword thrown by William Quantrill at the feet of Joseph Wakefield. The sword had been used by Quantrill to slaughter seven horses on a Kentucky road.

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A man called "the bloodiest in American history" and undoubtedly one of this nation's more ruthless guerrilla fighters, William Clarke Quantrill, met his Waterloo at a small railhead known as Wakefield Station, Kentucky. Quantrill was surprised by a group of Union scouts led by Edwin "Bad Ed" Terrell on May 10, 1865. The Missouri silent rider and his gang, whittled down to about twenty men, were resting in a barn on the farm of James Heady Wakefield. Quantrill was dozing in the loft. Wakefield had given each man a jug of whisky. Some of Quantrill's men amused themselves with a sham battle. The weapons were corncobs.

William Clarke Quantrill had nearly forty men with him when he entered Kentucky around the first of the year. He had told his men he would lead them to Maryland where they would be safe until the war ended. Things had become too hot for guerrilla gangs in Missouri and Kansas and especially so for Quantrill after the Lawrence massacre. Some of the former Ohio schoolteacher's men had more fire in their veins than others; they called for a trip to Washington and the formulation of a plan to assassinate President Abraham Lincoln.

Quantrill did not rule out the idea but neither did he endorse it. The guerrillas would find their stay in Kentucky a restless one. They would be constantly on the run, engaging in daily skirmishes with regular Federal forces or the dread "Union guerrillas" led by such daredevils as "Bad Ed" Terrell of Shelby County, Kentucky. Terrell was considered Kentucky's "fastest gun" and one of the most fearless native sons to find bluegrass beneath his feet. "Bad Ed" was truly a soldier of fortune, joining the Confederate army but switching to the Union side when he found that fighting for the North, especially as a rebel guerrilla hunter, would be more to his financial advantage.

On Quantrill's day of infamy, threatening skies had prompted the guerrillas to take shelter in the Wakefield barn. The rain was falling fast as Clark Hockensmith, a twenty-two-year-old veteran of irregular warfare, talked with farmer Wakefield under the edge of the barn's jutting roof. Suddenly, through the torrent Hockensmith spotted a charging column of Union scouts. He shouted the alarm: "Here they come!" "Here they come!"

Horses panicked. The guerrillas ran into the muck and mud of the barn lot; most were able to dodge the gunfire and escape into the woods. Three guerrillas leaped into a pond near the barn and held their noses just above the surface of the water. When the firing started, another of Quantrill's men grabbed a feed basket and, calling the hogs, walked casually into the lot. He then pretended to be an innocent farmer surprised by all the goings-on.

Only three men suffered mortal wounds in the gunfight at Wakefield's. Clark Hockensmith and Dick Glassock, though able to get mounted, sacrificed themselves trying to rescue Quantrill. Their leader nearly got away, but as he ran through a grove of sugar trees he was shot in the back. It is believed that John Langford of Mount Eden, Kentucky, did it. Some say it was "Bad Ed" who fired the shot that ended Quantrill's career.

It is generally accepted that Terrell did ride up and fire at Quantrill after he was crippled by the initial wound. Terrell's shot blew off the index finger of Quantrill's left hand. Terrell had not led the charge on the barn. A recently healed wound was bothering Terrell's right shoulder, and he waited just over the rise until most of the fighting was done before he rode into the fray.

The wounded Quantrill, paralyzed from the waist down, was carried into Wakefield's house. Terrell and his scouts rode on, searching for other guerrillas after farmer Wakefield paid him not to ransack his house. Before leaving, Terrell warned Wakefield he would return to claim his prey. He threatened to burn the farm if Quantrill was not there when he returned. Surprisingly, Terrell may not have known the man he had captured was Quantrill.

When questioned, Quantrill told Terrell he was "Captain Clark of the Fourth Missouri Cavalry". Quantrill had used the alias since entering Kentucky. While Quantrill lay mortally wounded, some of his men visited him late at night and begged him to leave. Among these was Frank James who had missed the fight. James had been just a few miles to the south at the home of his friend, Alexander Sayers.

Terrell returned, possibly with the information that "Captain Clark" was, in fact, Quantrill. He was in a hurry to get his captive to Louisville. Quantrill was taken to a military prison hospital in Louisville and transferred to a Catholic hospital just before his death on June 6, 1865.

The Wakefield farm had served as a resting place for Quantrill and his guerrillas many times before. Spencer County, Kentucky and neighboring Nelson County had proven to be havens for both regular Confederate soldiers and guerrillas with Southern sympathies throughout the war. James Heady Wakefield's farm was far enough off the main road between the small communities of Taylorsville and Bloomfield to make it a perfect hiding place for the irregulars.

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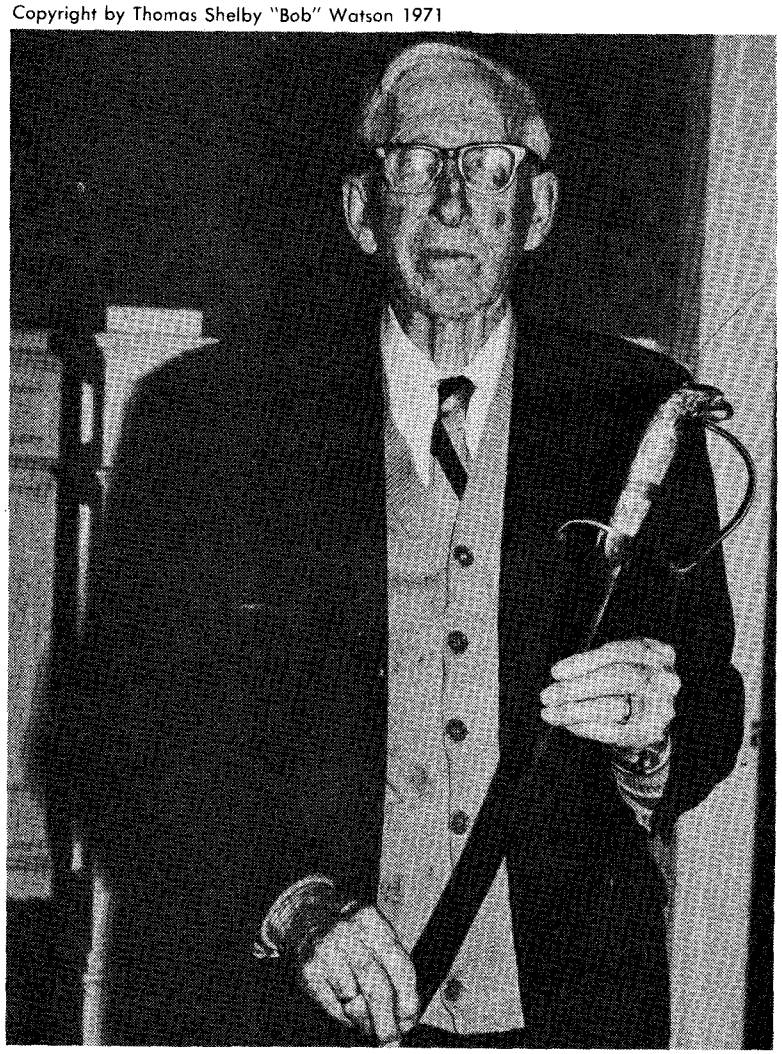

Jo Morry Wakefield, son of Joseph William Wakefield who was given the sword by Quantrill.

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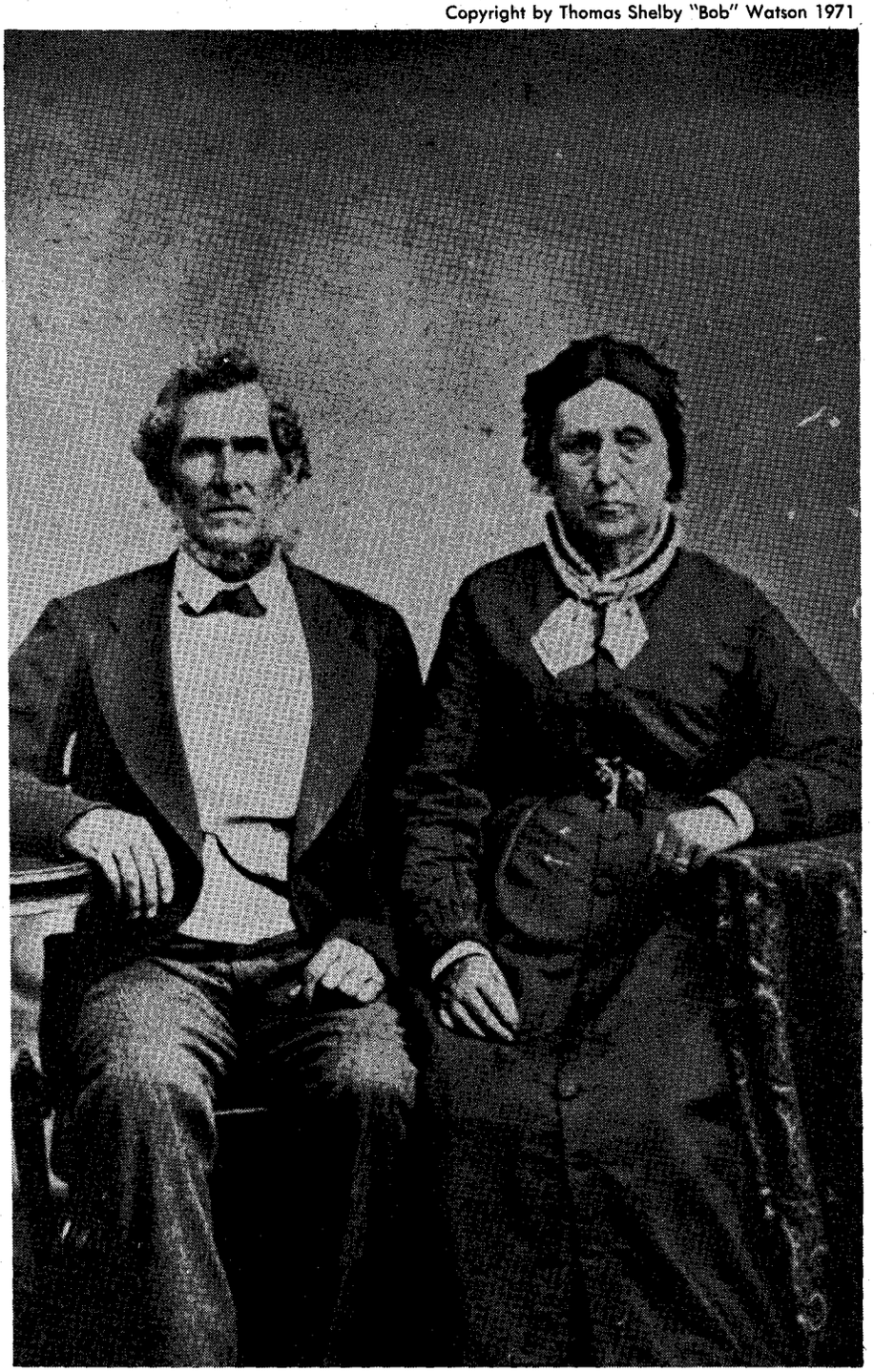
It was also at Wakefield Station that a particularly bloody incident involving Quantrill had taken place about a month prior to his "last battle". There is evidence to show that Quantrill and other guerrillas were at Wakefield Station on April 15, 1865. They were very gay that day and were offering toasts to the death of President Abraham Lincoln. It was probably the following day that Quantrill and a band of men were coming out of a small lane onto the main road.

The way was temporarily blocked by two wagons hauling logs to a mill at Fairfield, just a few miles away. No one seems to know exactly what caused the event which followed, but Jo Morry Wakefield, grandson of James Heady Wakefield, heard it this way:

"Well, it was two wagons. I believe they had seven horses hitched to them. Quantrill and these fellows stopped and they got into an argument. Quantrill killed seven of these horses, killed them with a sword."

The confrontation between Quantrill and the wagon teamsters could have been triggered by political differences in view of the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln, or perhaps Quantrill's anger was raised by impatience caused by the simple blocking of his way by the horses and wagons. One can imagine Quantrill riding from one wagon to the other, running the blade of his sword into the necks of the helpless animals or slashing them across the throat, creating a sea of blood in the dust of that Kentucky country road. When the slaughter had stopped, Quantrill spotted a young boy walking home from school. The boy had stood motionless near the scene of the horse massacre, too scared to move. Quantrill rode up to the boy and tossed the bloodstained sabre at his feet. The boy picked it up and carried it home.



James Heady Wakefield and his wife from an old tintype.

The boy was Joseph William Wakefield, father of Jo Morry Wakefield and a son of James Heady Wakefield. The sword was kept in the family. It is now in the possession of Jo Morry Wakefield, who makes his home in Crestwood, Kentucky. Harold L. Peterson of the National Park Service and perhaps the nation's foremost sword expert has expressed the opinion that the sword is pre-Civil War. He says it is most likely post-Revolutionary War as well, most likely made between 1820 and 1835.

The blade is twenty-eight inches long which, according to Peterson, would have made it an officer's sword of regular or militia foot soldiers. Where did Quantrill find it? It is difficult to say. It was probably not the sabre of Jim Lane which was seized by Quantrill during the Lawrence massacre. It is also probably not the sword Quantrill took from General James G. Blunt when he and his men halted a troop train.

Both of those swords were taken in 1863. Quantrill would not likely have carried a single sword through the many encounters he experienced between 1863 and 1865. In fact, Quantrill fled an ill-fated battle near Harrodsburg, Kentucky unmounted prior to April, 1865.

The sword is a symbol of a violent era in America's past. Its original owner may never be determined, but the importance of the sabre as an historical relic is real and valid to the Wakefields. This fine Kentucky family, true pioneers from the early days when the bluegrass state was but a wilderness, will take no sum of money for the sword. Despite its violent history, the sword is a family heirloom to the Wakefields. ●**RW**

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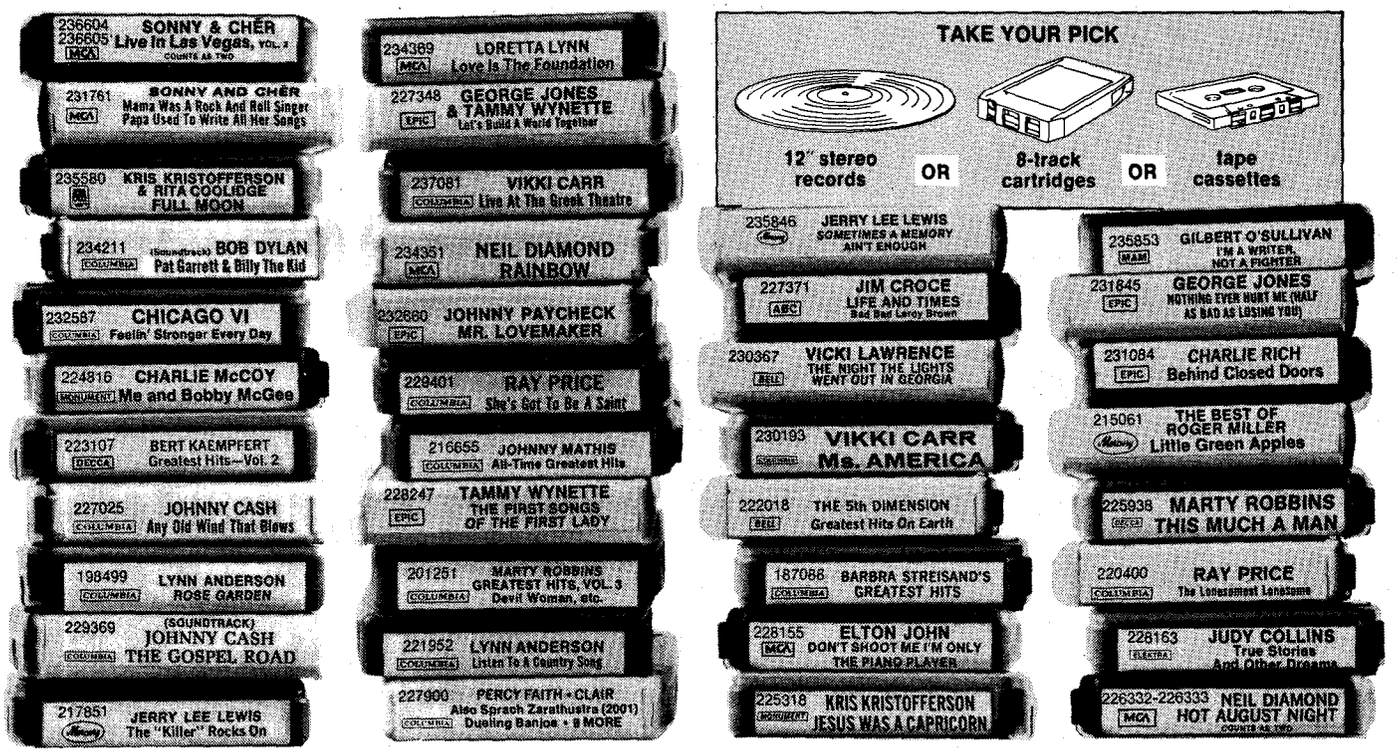
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P51/S74

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One of the most incredible women in history, Lola Montez, danced her way from the palace of King Ludwig of Bavaria to the raw gold camps in California. There she reigned as queen until her investments went bad so she returned to Europe and married King Ludwig. An incredible tale from beginning to end!

A Countess In Exile

LOLA MONTEZ In California

COVER STORY

By William Wingfield

Before Lola Montez even came to California, she had left behind her a trail of revolution, riots and torrid romances.

By the time she got to California, she had become rather world weary and was looking for a place of exile after being driven out of Bavaria and creating major scandals in England and Paris.

Lola's exile in California turned out to be the final capstone of the legend of Lola Montez. When one thinks of Lola Montez today, one thinks first of the fiery Spanish woman who danced in California mining camps.

She was not even Spanish, and there has always been some doubt if she was even a good dancer. Her father was a British army officer. She was born in Ireland and raised in India and England. There never has been any question, however, that she was the most beautiful woman of the 19th Century. With her black hair, flashing eyes and form-fitting dresses, poets of her age often repeated that she had all the points set forth by the Prophet Mohammed for the perfect dream-woman.

Not since Cleopatra had such a woman so turned politics and government upside-down. She alone touched off the violent revolutions of 1848 that swept Europe and toppled kings and emperors from their thrones.

She had been the mistress of pianist Franz Liszt and of Alexandre Dumas, author of *The Three Musketeers* and *The Count of Monte Cristo,* and caused a riot when she publicly rejected the attentions of the dictator of Poland.

Her greatest love was King Ludwig I of Bavaria. Ludwig was so captivated at the first sight of her that he turned the whole Bavarian government over to her. He gave her the title of Countess of Landsfeld and built her a palace in Munich. The cry went up that the king was in the clutches of an enchantress. Agents of Prince Metternich, the Austrian dictator, spread stories that she was an agent of the British foreign minister, Palmerston.

Violent revolution broke out in Munich. Before it was over, it had not only driven the Countess of Landsfeld out of Munich and forced King Ludwig to abdicate, but it also toppled Prince Metternich and Austrian Emperor Ferdinand from their thrones along with King Louis Philippe of France.

The tumultuous and revolutionary year of 1848 also coincidentally saw the discovery of gold in California and touched off the California Gold Rush.

Also coincidentally, in her wanderings about France after being run out of Bavaria, Lola acquired a goodly amount of stock in the Eureka Mine in Grass Valley, California.

What originally brought her to America was hopes for gold of a different sort. She hoped to reap fortune on the American stage. Booming San Francisco was a natural place to visit on the tour. As a sidelight, she hoped to inspect her profitable investment in Grass Valley.

Lola's California adventure began on the steamer trip from Panama to San Francisco.

Among the passengers was a politician-newspaperman named Pat Hull. Pat Hull captured her attentions immediately because he was the "spitting image" of Alexandre Dujarier, her lover in Paris who was killed in a duel. Dujarier was also a newspaperman and politician.

Word had already spread that the notorious Countess of Landsfeld was aboard before the *Northerner* even docked in San Francisco. When the signal atop Telegraph Hill flashed that the ship was in the bay, an immense crowd swarmed to the docks to see the fabled beauty who captured the hearts of kings and geniuses.

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Courtesy Bancroft Library, Univ. of California, Berkeley

Lola Montez. After a tumultuous career in Europe, she settled in California and became queen of the Mother Lode country. With her black hair, flashing eyes and form-fitting dresses, poets of her age often repeated that she had all the points set forth by the Prophet Mohammed for the perfect dream-woman.

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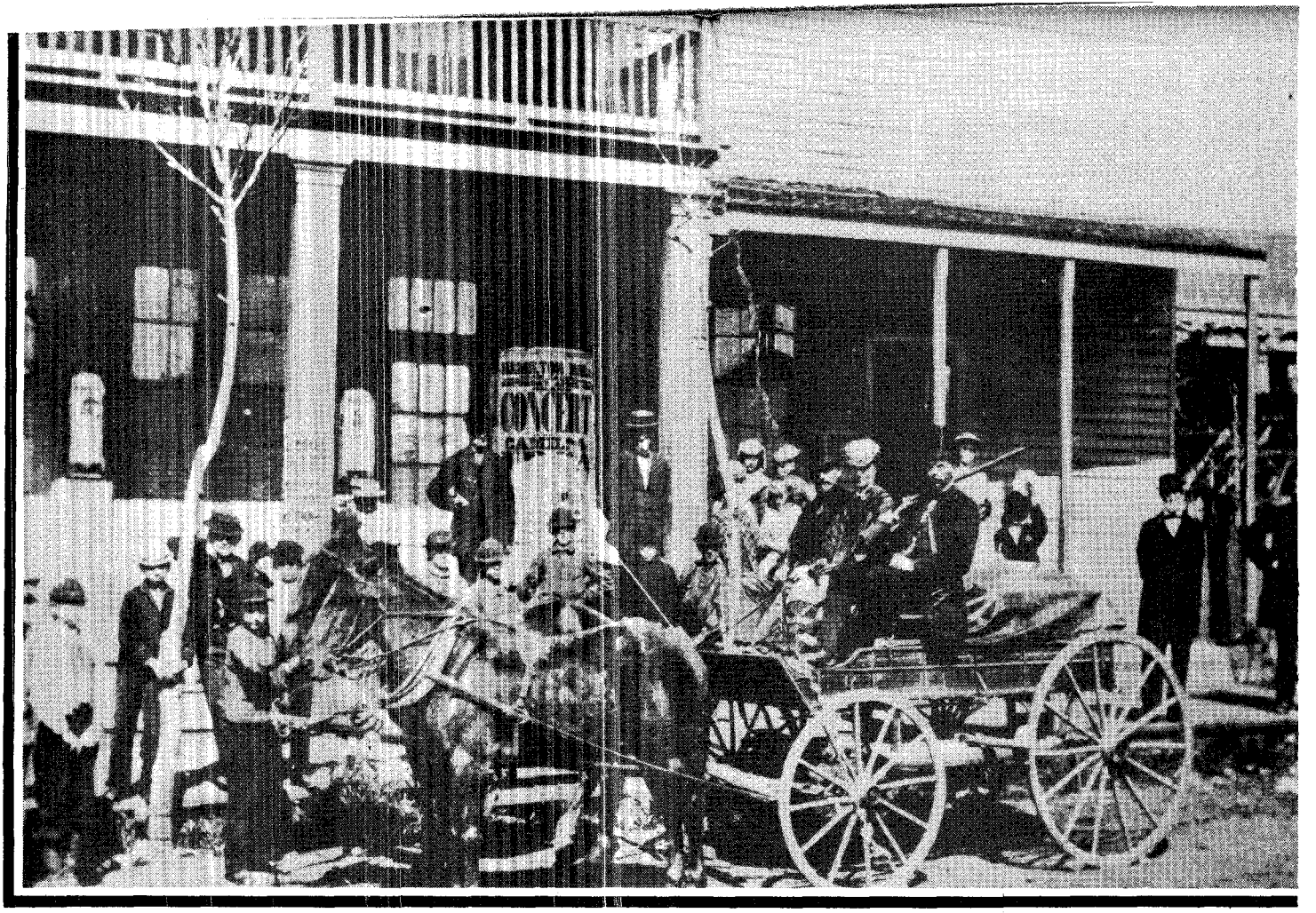

Courtesy Bancroft Library, Univ. of California, Berkeley

Lola Montez and her husband Patrick Hull. After a few years she tired of him and he sued for divorce.

They weren't disappointed. Men were so enthused by the sight of her that they unhitched the horses from her carriage and pulled it themselves to her hotel. Outside of her hotel, men gathered and waited for days for a glimpse of the fabulous countess. The Governor of California came to pay her a special visit. When she appeared in a production of "School For Scandal", tickets sold for $65.

She sealed her triumph over San Franciscans when she performed her famous Spider Dance for the Fireman's Fund. The dance, a form of tarantella, had her shaking spiders out of her dress and stamping on them. Many thought the dance was lewd, but this only brought to the theater more patrons.

The firemen were so enthusiastic that they threw their helmets on to the stage. She grasped one of the helmets, filled it with the flowers also thrown on the stage, clasped it to her and cried, "I have the firemen's hearts as well as their hats."

Fire was a constant danger in jerry-built, early San Francisco. The lusty firemen were the city's heroes and saviors. A woman who was the firemen's darling was everyone's darling. The event also raised $30,000 for the Firemen's Fund.

Pat Hull, meanwhile, had won her heart. She and Pat were privately married early one morning in Father Serra's historic old Mission Dolores. The Governor of California was one of the select few who attended. He kissed the bride.

The newlyweds set off for Sacramento on their honeymoon aboard the riverboat *Arrow*. Lola and Pat Hull drank champagne with the captain, and Lola proclaimed that she now wanted to make her home in California.

Yet, even with these announced intentions, the old Lola soon flamed up again in the raw city of Sacramento. First off, she decided that the hotel Pat had booked wasn't good enough for her. She insisted on staying at the Orleans, the best in town and the one most in keeping with her status as a celebrity and the Countess of Landsfeld.

Next, her dancing at the Sacramento Theater ended in the same sort of riots she had faced in Munich.

Sacramento was a crude town lacking virtually all the elegance and graces of San Francisco. The brawling types wanted a burlesque show, not a ballet. The odor of liquor hung heavily over the theater. Soon the men were shouting vulgarities. She stopped the orchestra, faced the audience, and called them "puppies." This only egged the men on. Some thought this was better than the show.

A huge cabbage landed among the musicians, scattering them as if it were a bomb. The mob began ripping the theater apart. They hurled benches through the windows. They chased her back to her hotel.

In Munich, when rioters stormed her palace, Lola stood on the balcony and toasted them with champagne. In Sacramento, She repeated the performance, but without the champagne. She stood on the hotel balcony with a lamp and faced them. The rioters stopped in awe and then cheered her.

When the local newspaper editor wrote that this had to be a publicity stunt, she challenged him to a duel. She proposed they use either pistols or pills. Each of them would take one of two pills. One of the pills

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would be poisoned, the other harmless. Her challenge immediately became the traditional California challenge — "Pistols or pizen?"

Her first view of Grass Valley instantly delighted her. It immediately reminded her of Bavaria, but a Bavaria where she could be at peace and where mobs wouldn't storm her home. The Countess of Landsfeld immediately saw the picturesque little town in the Sierra foothills as her own Eagle's Nest for perpetual exile.

Most residents were delighted to have a celebrity and real-live countess among them. Despite her intentions to give up the stage and settle down, the people of Grass Valley just had to see what their new neighbor's performance was like. She had only been there a week when she had to bow to demands and perform the Spider Dance at the local theater.

In two nights she had won overwhelming applause and the enthusiasm and affection of Grass Valleyites. Two weeks later, she responded to similar demands and danced in nearby Nevada City.

Nearby towns all wanted to see her. Throughout the mining towns, the cry became traditional when she arrived, "Lola Has Come!"

She rapidly picked up new friends on these trips. A visit to Downieville to dance made her a fast friend of Baron Kirke Adler. The German baron naturally attracted the countess because of his noble title as well as his skill as a mighty hunter and his love for forests and mountains. If her husband was a carbon of her Parisian journalist, the baron was a shadow of King Ludwig. In a short time she seemed to be finding the baron more agreeable company than her husband.

She and the baron often went off by themselves to hunt and fish, while Pat Hull steamed and fumed about the baron and about Lola continuing to carry on correspondence with ex-King Ludwig.

Lola and the baron were lying on the ground overlooking the road to Downieville when they saw a masked man with a gun hiding behind a tree beneath them. The next day, Lola saw the same man in Downieville. Brashly, she went up to him and told him she wanted to gamble for his gun. Knowing her reputation for rashness, the bandit decided he had better humor her. She won the gun from him, having learned more about cards in European salons than most gamblers in California could ever know. She carried it with her when she went into the hills from then on. She was a crack shot.

Courtesy Bancroft Library, Univ. of California, Berkeley

Lola Montez, the woman who touched off the violent revolutions of 1848 that swept Europe, came to California at the height of the gold rush and captivated the populace.

Her home in Grass Valley was purchased from a Jennie Moore, a woman gambler who hobnobbed with gunmen and highway robbers. The house had even been Jennie's gambling hall. Lola and Pat were disturbed by callers long after they acquired the house. Among other attractions, Jennie kept a girl in one of the rooms for servicing patrons. One night a drunk miner staggered in and demanded to see "the girl."

To discourage such callers, Lola finally acquired a brown bear. To Pat's dismay, she became quite attached to the animal. She took it walking on a chain with her up in the hills all too frequently for Pat's comfort.

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The Incredible Soldier WHEELBARROW McGREW

By Lance Robbins

State Historical Society of Colorado

Alex McGrew, the Wheelbarrow Soldier.

"His name?" The orderly glanced up to identify a lively, little convalescent slipping out of the big army hospital at Fort Union to roam the area as he had done daily since his recovery from battlefield wounds.

"That's Alex McGrew. Newsman from Denver, his records say — fought with the First Colorado Volunteers at Valverde."

The questioner was a blue-uniformed Union officer on an inspection tour of the sprawling, mud-brick hospital built in 1851 to serve Fort

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Union, protector of the Santa Fe trail in New Mexico territory.

Grinning, the officer nodded. Through the screenless door he could see the slight figure of McGrew clad only in Union army cap and jacket over flapping hospital gown, scooting across the unfenced hardpacked expanse serving as hospital grounds. With one hand the officer shaded his eyes from the unrelieved blaze of a desert sun.

"Never seen sech a spunky, little feller, I swear, sir," the overworked orderly talked on, but he edged dutifully toward a crowded ward awaiting the pile of towels he carried. "Was brung in here about a week ago pretty bad cut up from thet skirmish with the Confederates at Valverde Pass. Surgeon sewed 'im up and we bandaged him with the rest — 'bout thirty Union men was carried in that day, wounded or already dead.

"Twarn't more'n a couple days 'fore little McGrew, there, was up and around. Spends part of every day outside. Reckon Doc'll release him purty quick, now."

On Feb. 21, 1861, "Gilpin's Pet Lambs", two untried companies of Colorado Infantry organized by that territory's Gov. Gilpin, had been ordered into their first action under Captain Dodd in the Battle of Valverde Pass at Fort Craig, south of Albuquerque, New Mexico territory. Although under fire for the first time, the First Colorado Volunteers fought like veterans — They formed into a hollow square to repulse a savage charge of Texan Confederate cavalrymen armed with lances.

Casualties, McGrew among them, were heavy and in the end the Battle of Valverde was conceded to be a Confederate victory.

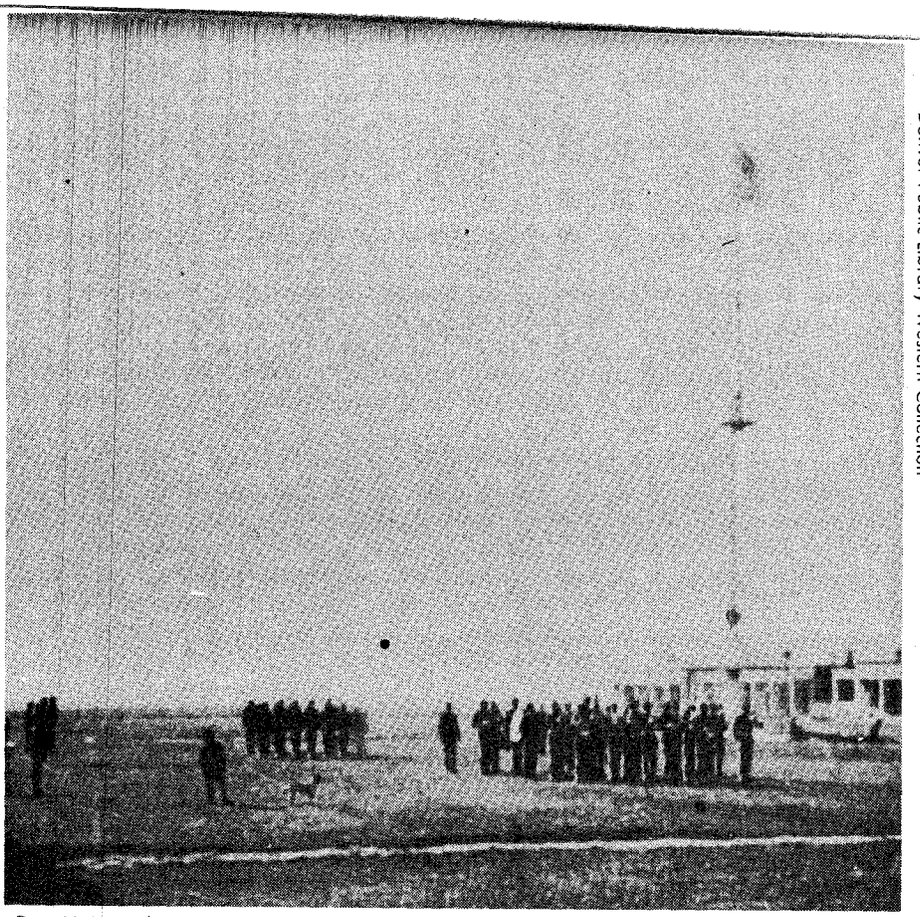
Spunkiness was nothing new to wiry, little Alexander McGrew. Two thousand miles westward across plains, desert and mountains by covered wagon or horseback was a long, hard trip in the late 1850's — but what sort of man would try it all alone, *walking* and pushing a wheelbarrow?

Alex O. McGrew would and did!

When the scholarly little printer and news correspondent decided to go west and look for gold in 1858, he claimed that wagon trains were much too slow for him; so he loaded his meagre belongings into a borrowed wheelbarrow, tucked pencil and notebook into a pocket with his last 5¢, and left Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to trudge his solitary way across America to the frontier gold fields.

Originally, McGrew had planned to overtake a party of gold-seeking friends and go west with them. He stopped in cities and towns along the

(continued on page 61)



Denver Public Library Western Collection

Fort Union where McGrew and other injured First Colorado Volunteers were hospitalized after the disastrous Battle of Valverde Pass.

Denver Public Library Western Collection

This Frederic Remington sketch of the Colorado Volunteers off to defend the West against Confederate troops might well have depicted McGrew's outfit, or one like it.

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JENNIE ROGERS vs MATTIE SILKS for HOLLADAY STREET

COVER STORY

By Louise Cheney

Copyrighted by Fred & Jo Mazzulla

Mattie Silks, Jennie's rival as queen of the Denver red light district. Jennie finally outstripped Mattie and for a while reigned as queen. After Jennie's death, Mattie took over once more.

Jennie Rogers was the real name of this six-foot tall, incredibly beautiful madam who ran a bordello in Denver when The Mile-High City was booming. She came to Denver from St. Louis in 1880 because this was where the action was. She and the notorious Mattie Silks reigned as dual queens of Denver's night life.

When gold was discovered in the far west during the last century, a billowing mass of humanity swept toward the setting sun with the swiftness of a tidal wave. Due to the rigors of the frontier the males were in the vast majority. But in their wake came a certain class of females who hoped to dig the gold out of the males who, with much back breaking effort, had dug the gold from the earth.

These females were the madams with their "soiled doves", most often a dazzling and flamboyant array of feminine pulchritude. The purpose of these lovelies was to make a home away from home for the love-starved men and act as wife, mother, nurse or whatever the occasion called for. The madams were a necessity and a part of the old west in those romantic, never to be again days of the frontier.

Yes indeed, the madams were a definite part of the west. Many ran plush houses, served gourmet food and fine wines, and became wealthy. There were even some who loaded their "merchandise" on wagons and traveled from camp to camp to bring joy to the males. Madame Moustache was one who made the circuit of the mining camps in the wilds of Montana, Utah and Idaho. Mattie Silks, when she first came to Colorado, ran a bordello on wheels and made the outposts of civilization in that state.

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In their excellent book, *Legends of the Comstock Lode,* Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg wrote of the madams of frontier days: "as much a personage in any frontier community as the sheriff, the town banker, the Wells Fargo route agent, her personal character was as various as the personal character of humanity everywhere. Her archetype would be a completely worldly wise woman, far gone to be sure in moral obloquy and a shuddering detestation of the respectable female element of the community, usually witty and the object of affection that was equally compounded of familiarity and chivalry. The rougher the frontier and the newer the outpost of civilization the more exalted the estate of the pioneer madam. In the begining she was half procuress and half amiable heroine."

Of course the most prominent of all the pioneer madams was the dark-eyed, glamorous Julia Bulette of Virginia City, Nevada, who reigned as Queen of the Comstock during the silver boom until one night she was foully murdered in her bed. Hers was the most elaborate funeral ever held in the history of Virginia City, and when her dastardly killer was apprehended, his hanging made for the most sensational entertainment ever experienced in the Comstock Lode vicinity.

But enough of the lovely Julia, for this is not her story. It is the story of Jennie Rogers, who operated a plush parlor house in Denver, Colorado. Indeed, Jennie, who was a fabulous personality in her own right, was every bit as beautiful as Julia and possessed just as charming a personality. She was a willowy six feet tall, slender but with definite curves where there should be curves on any lovely woman. Her hair was dark and dazzling, her eyes were brown, bright and mischievous. She was daring and lively; in fact, there was something wild about her, even something lawless. (And later on in this story there will be shown that she was a bit lawless.) Certainly her story is part and parcel of the old west and deserves a place in the saga of the frontier.

Lovely Jennie came to Denver around 1880 from St. Louis and lost no time in establishing a parlor house, one of the better class on the famed Holladay Street. At that time the Red Light District was going full blast. Back in St. Louis she left her boy friend, the chief of police, but he made many trips to Denver to see her. Forbes Parkhill, to whom I am indebted for quite a bit of the story of Jennie, says in his fine book, *the Wildest of the West,* that for years an oil painting of the chief hung in her Denver Parlor House.

Quite a bit has been written of Jennie since her days on Holladay Street (later changed to Market Street). For the facts contained in this story, I acknowledge a great debt to Forbes Parkhill who wrote the *Wildest of the West,* published by Henry Holt and Company in 1951, Fred and Jo Mazzulla who wrote *Brass Checks and Red Lights* and Max Miller who, in collaboration with Fred and Jo Mazzulla and Margaret Miller, wrote *Holladay Street.* The above are my sources for the facts as presented in these pages.

Collection of Jo & Fred Mazzulla

Bust of Jennie Rogers built into the peak of her house of ill repute on Market Street, Denver.

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Jennie, with her dazzling good looks and her vivacious nature, soon attracted the attention of all of Denver. She liked fine horseflesh and drove a two-wheeled trap or a cart behind a tandem of matched bays. She was a daring horsewoman. She wore as her trademark a pair of gorgeous emerald earrings. Her first house was at 527 Holladay Street.

In a short time Jennie had outstripped all the other madams of Denver, save one. This one was petite, blonde Mattie Silks, who was the undisputed queen of the Red Light District in Denver. Just as Jennie wore her emerald earrings as a trademark, Mattie wore a diamond cross as hers. Mattie was as spectacular in her way as Jennie was in her way. She had once fought a duel with another madam, one Katie Fulton, over Mattie's boy friend. Neither gal hit her mark, but in some way a bullet struck the boy friend in the neck. It was not fatal. It was the only duel ever fought between women in the history of the west. Mattie was said to look a lot like Lily Langtry.

Jennie's business flourished, and in time she acquired three adjoining houses of Holladay Street in which to carry on her lucrative "business". But try as she might, she still could not usurp Mattie Silks as the queen.

On the three houses mentioned above, Jennie had a $6,500 mortgage. She paid this mortgage quarterly to a real estate agent who came to collect in person. In the early part of 1888 the agent did not call, but Jennie gave the matter little or no thought. A month or so later, she received an eviction notice. She was quite upset to learn that the property which she was buying in good faith had been put up for public auction, and the daughter-in-law of the man who held the mortgage had made a bid of $4,000 for the houses.

But Jennie was not in the least a timid lass. She knew how to stand up for her rights, so she immediately brought suit against the man who held the mortgage to have the sale of the property declared invalid. Jennie then appeared in court with $6000 cash and informed the judge that she was willing and ready to pay off the mortgage then and there. The verdict was in her favor, and she paid off the mortgage and acquired title to the houses she operated.

At that time the name of Holladay Street was being changed over to Market Street. Originally, the street had been named in honor of Ben Holladay, the stagecoach baron, after he made a record run from California to Missouri in his coaches. After the street became the hub of the Red Light District in Denver, it was deemed wise to change the name in order not to dishonor the famous Holladay.

Although she was making money hand over fist, the beautiful Jennie was not satisfied. The fact that Mattie Silks was queen of the district stuck in her craw, and she wanted to much to outstrip Mattie that it became an obsession with her. But Mattie went merrily on as the queen, as she had the finest house on all of Market Street. Finally, Jennie confided to her lover, the St. Louis chief of police, that she would sell her soul to own a better house than Mattie.

The chief was crazy about the glamorous Jennie and assured her to consider the matter settled as she just as good as had what she wished. He immediately set about getting his lady love what she wanted, at no cost to his own pocketbook.

Now the chief was quite a nosy fellow, and he had heard some juicy gossip about one of the prominent moneyed men of Denver. He saw a way to use this gossip to the advantage of Jennie, for it afforded a perfect blueprint for blackmail!

While he was still a teenager, this prominent man had married in the

Denver Public Library, Western Collection

The "boarders" whooping it up in the Denver red light district when it was in it's heyday. No doubt the soiled doves in Jennie's place acted thus.

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Collection of Jo & Fred Mazzulla

Jennie's House at 1942 Market Street (formerly Holladay Street) in Denver.

state of Ohio. To the boy and his wife was born a daughter. The gold rush to the Pike's Peak region of Colorado had begun soon after the birth of the baby, and the young man had gone west with high hopes to become a seeker after the siren, gold. He was unlucky in that he found no color, but he did manage to sustain himself working as a freighter in the mining camps and later was employed by a contracting firm. He sent for his wife and infant daughter to join him, and in due time they arrived in Denver.

The head man of the firm for which the young man worked had a lovely and glamorous wife, many years younger than he. This lady held a good deal of land in and around the city of Denver.

And then, one day, the wife of the young man from Ohio disappeared, leaving behind her the infant daughter. Why she left or what became of her no one knew, and the deserted husband offered no explanation.

Soon the beautiful and landed wife of the big wheel of the contracting firm divorced her husband, claiming desertion. An employer of the firm testified in the case on behalf of the wife, even though the Denver directory listed the husband as a Denver citizen. But no matter the evidence, the wife obtained her freedom all nice and legal.

Just as soon as she had thrown off the shackles of matrimony, the attractive widow of the boss man married, to everyone's surprise, the young employee from Ohio! In some manner or fashion the boss man was ousted, and the young man from Ohio stepped into his job! The former boss found himself stripped of his money and was forced to go to work as a common laborer to keep body and soul together. So in the twinkling of an eye the one-time, unimportant employee secured a beautiful and wealthy wife and an important position. No one knew what form of hanky-panky was used, but used it was and very successfully!

Soon after the above happened, Denver boomed and the real estate that the wife of the young man from Ohio owned became very valuable. The young husband proved himself no slouch at investing, and soon the couple was among the millionaires of Denver and socially prominent.

The couple built one of the finest homes in the city, a veritable mansion with gold doorknobs and silver-plated light fixtures. By that time there was no stopping the young man from Ohio, and he set his sights on the governor's seat as head of Colorado. He was popular, and his success seemed assured until Jennie Rogers aspired to outdo Mattie Silks down on Market Street. As a candidate for governor the young man had many political enemies, of course, and soon a whispering campaign was going on about him. The wily and shrewd police chief who was Jennie's "steady" decided to capitalize on these rumors to Jennie's advantage, and at no cost to himself.

The enemies of the young man whispered about what had actually become of his first wife. Had she really deserted him, really divorced him, and why did she leave her baby daughter behind when she disappeared? The last was most unnatural!

The young man's first wife was last seen when she hailed a cab after attending a show at a Denver theater. It was known that she instructed the cabbie to take her home. After that, she had seemingly vanished into the blue. Once started, the rumors flew fast and thick like a flock of geese heading south with the coming of winter. Then someone started the rumor that her husband had actually killed her and that her body was buried in the back yard behind his palatial mansion! Jennie's boy friend listened to these rumors avidly, for an ugly scheme was forming in his mind, a scheme guaranteed to scare the wits out of the boy and shake him loose from some of his money.

It is a well-known fact that the Indians who inhabited the plains at that time did not bury their dead under the ground. Instead, they left them on high platforms above the earth. It was quite an easy matter for the crooked chief to obtain the skull of an Indian woman from one of these burial platforms. Patiently he waited until the young man who aspired to be governor of Colorado was away on a business trip, and [illegible] the cover of darkness to the [illegible] the boy's back yard and buried the skull.

Then the police chief waited until the boy came home and paid him a visit, supposedly an official visit. The chief was wearing his badge and had two sidekicks with him who were wearing fake badges. All three looked grim and official. They told the boy that they were [illegible] District Attorney's office and that they were special investigators.

They produced a bogus search warrant and served it solemnly on the

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REAL WEST MOVIE HALL OF FAME

GENE AUTRY

By Mario DeMarco

Gene Autry represents the last stage in the making of the screen western cowboy. By this I mean that he signifies the movie cowboy in his final appearance — a totally new type of movie hero. Old silent stars like "Bronco" Billy Anderson, William S. Hart, Harey Carey, William Farnum, etc., represented the westerner of old, duplicating his way of living and dress as close as possible.

When stars like Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Hoot Gibson and Ken Maynard made their appearance on the screen, the image of the cowboy changed. These western greats wore fancier clothes, their stories were streamlined, and their horses even got screen billing and became as famous as their masters.

Autry changed the image by adopting some ways of the stars before him, but he introduced the hero as a "singing cowboy". (Although Ken Maynard and Bob Steele were the first to play an instrument and vocalize in some of their earlier pictures.) This left the door open for a flood of other singing stars, such as Roy Rogers, Tex Ritter, Dick Foran, Tex Fletcher, Smith Ballew, and many more. Some lasted through a few films, while others turned to other facets in the movies — none reached the height of stardom as did Gene Autry or Roy Rogers.

Gene was born in a small Texas town, Tioga, on September 29, 1907. While still in his teens, he left high school and worked for the railroad in Sapulpa, Oklahoma as a telegraph operator. While a dispatcher at the Chelsea station in Oklahoma, he was introduced to Will Rogers who had heard him sing. Impressed by his fine voice, Rogers advised him to turn to show business. On this advice, Gene auditioned at a radio station near Tulsa and won a job as a singer.

His easy way of putting over a song soon won him a big following over the air waves, and it brought him a new position as featured star of NBC's "National Barn Dance" over WLS in Chicago. On the bill with him were two other comedians and musicians, Max Terhune and Smiley Burnett, who were also to make their mark in the movies.

Recordings and personal appearances brought Gene to the attention of Nat Levine, then head of Mascot Pictures. He wired Autry, asking if he would be interested in making movies. Gene, along with his radio sidekick, Burnett, accepted and headed for Hollywood. Both made brief musical appearances in two of Ken Maynard's pictures. A year later Republic Picture Studios was born, and Gene was given the lead in a new chapter play entitled *The Phantom Empire.*

This serial proved to be a box office hit and established Gene as a movie star. His next picture was a musical titled *Tumblin' Tumbleweeds,* which also became a hit and led Autry and Burnett to a long term contract at Republic. It was profitable for both — and several years later Gene was proclaimed "King of the Cowboys", dethroning the famous Buck Jones.

With bigger and more expensive productions, Gene sang his way through his pictures — his fans loved him. Even his horse, "Champion", was given screen billing and became famous in his own right. Gene was voted the top money - making western star from 1937 to 1942 and was among the top cowboy stars in 1936 and from 1946 to 1954. He was the first western star to be in the top ten movie money - makers from 1938 to 1942.

In 1942 he entered the Air Force and served with the Air Transport Command. In his absence, Republic began grooming another young cowboy singer by the name of Roy Rogers. A year later, Rogers had been proclaimed the new "King of Westerns".

After Autry returned from the service (his place having been taken by Roy Rogers), he signed a contract with Columbia Pictures and resumed his career successfully again. One point he made in his films — he concentrated more on action and less on singing, which proved a successful formula.

With his radio program, movie - making, and his own rodeo, he became quite wealthy. A shrewd business man, he invested in radio stations, T.V., hotels and even in baseball, becoming part owner of the Los Angeles Angels.

Gene turned to T.V. and became the first western star to make a series of pictures exclusively for that medium. Forming his own Flying A Productions, he produced such popular T.V. series as "The Range Rider", "Annie Oakley", "Young Buffalo Bill", "Death Valley Days" and others.

Gene left the movie - making business in 1960 to devote his time to managing his many business ventures. He resides on his spacious Melody Ranch with his wife, Mae Spivey, whom he married in 1932.

He made a recent appearance on T.V. in "This is Your Life", which featured the life story of Joel McCrea of whom Gene is a good friend. Gene Autry — I'm willing to bet he still reminisces about the days he rode and sang as the first singing cowboy star — is now a multi - millionaire. ●RW

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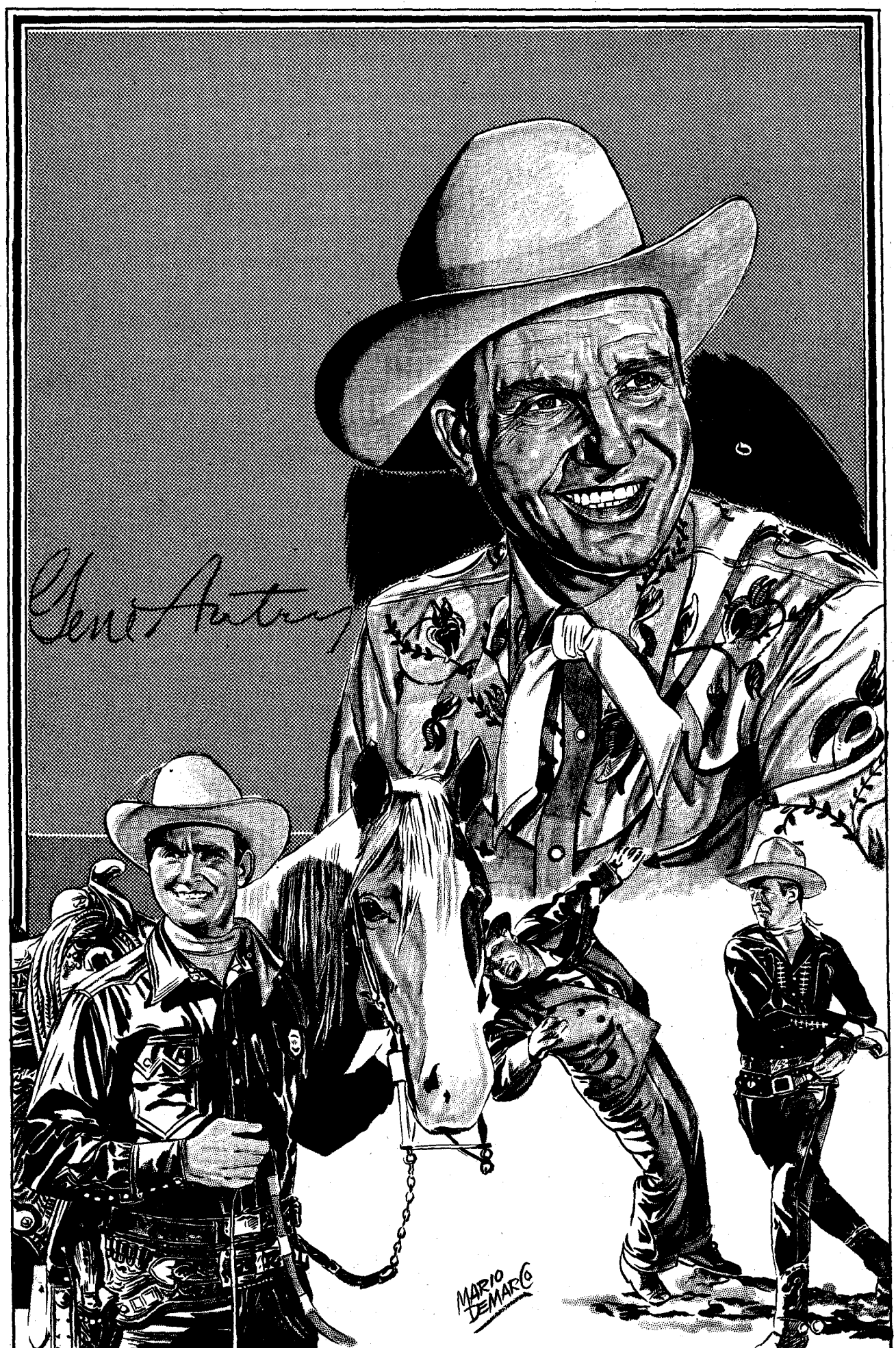

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THE STORY BEHIND THE SONG

BUFFALO SKINNERS

By Marion Thede and Harold Preece

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This ballad, a version of which was written by Margaret Larkin, colorfully describes the life and times on the "range of the buffalo" back in the 1870's when the vast herds of bison were being slaughtered for their hides.

'Twas in the town of Jacksboro in the spring of seventy-three,
A man by the name of Crego came stepping up to me,
Saying, "How do you do young fellow, and how would you like to go
And spend one summer pleasantly on the range of the buffalo?"

"It's me being out of employment," this to Crego I did say,
"This going on the buffalo range depends upon the pay.
But if you will pay good wages and transportation too,
I think sir, I will go with you to the range of the buffalo."

Definitive version of "The Buffalo Skinners", four-four time, appearing in a folk song collection, THE SINGING COWBOY. (Knopf, 1934)

"... the very first beast I tried to skin, oh how I cut my thumb,
When skinning off those buffalo hides we'd little show
As the Indians tried to pick us off on the range of the buffalo."

(Jack Thorp: first published version of The Buffalo Hunters in Songs of the Cowboys, 1908)

They were of the drifting element, used to doing the roughest work for the lowest pay. These men gathered at Jacksboro, Texas, eighty miles south of Indian Territory during that raw decade of the 1870's.

Hard-looking fellows many of them were for having lived lonely, bitter lives. The gnarled, tough hands of some had driven down steel tracks with sledgehammers for railroads snaking across the West. Others, generally with Texas accents, coughed and spat from having ridden as cowboys up the nearby Chisholm Trail to swallow hoof dust which damaged their lungs.

Among them, too, were those who had been miners or lumberjacks swinging picks or axes. A number were army deserters; a few were conventional young men hoping to make stakes for anticipated marriages and all the prospering, comfortable things that went with being "settled down". But because the great majority lived outside organized society, more than one could have seen the inside of a jail.

Basically, however, they were like others of their type on the Western frontier — casual laborers roaming from state to state, territory to territory, hiring out for whatever jobs that turned up. They congregated at Jacksboro hoped to find employment as skinners in a booming new business: buffalo hide hunting.

This enterprise had developed after the building of the Union Pacific Railroad made possible the quick shipment of buffalo hides consigned to Eastern tanners and manufacturers. As a result, a market had arisen for products made from the thick, black, glossy skins: buffalo robes serving as men's overcoats, buffalo cloaks for ladies, buffalo muffs and lap robes, as well as other such wares.

This turn of history finally doomed the already diminishing herds which had once grazed by the millions from upstate New York and western Pennsylvania to Texas and the Rockies. Professional buffalo hunters such as Emmanuel Dubbs, Charlie Cook, and Wright Mooar were heaping up fortunes from helping to destroy the still large remnants. Buyers, like Lobenstein's in Leavenworth, Kansas, were paying quick cash for the bales of hides sent from railroad points to Eastern establishments for whom a word like conservation would have meant nothing.

Crumbs of all this new wealth fell to those hard working jacks-of-all-trades, those now hiring out to skin the buffalo.

" 'Twas in the town of Jacksboro in the spring of '73,
A man by the name of Crego came stepping up to me,
Saying 'How do you do, young fellow, and how would you like to go
And spend one summer pleasantly on the range of the buffalo.' "

"It's me being out of employment, this to Crego I did say:
'This going on the buffalo range depends upon the pay.
But if you will pay good transportation too,
I think I will go with you to the range of the buffalo.' "

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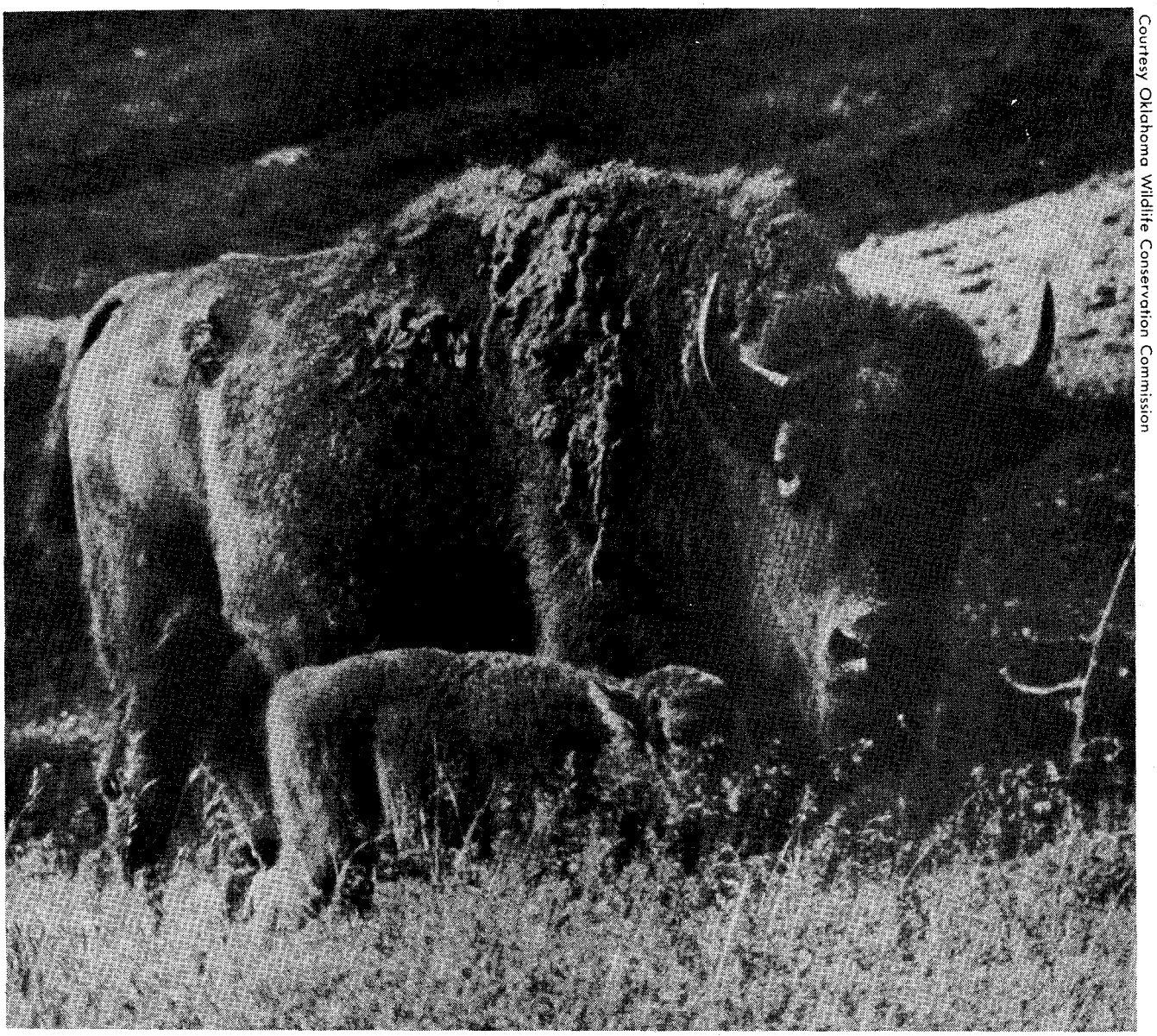

Courtesy Oklahoma Wildlife Conservation Commission

Today buffalo are strictly protected, like this cow and calf in an Oklahoma park preserve.

" 'Yes, I will pay good wages, give transportation too,
Provided you will go with me and stay the summer through.
But if you should grow homesick, come back to Jacksboro,
I won't pay transportation from the range of the buffalo.' "

So begins a version by Margaret Larkin of a ballad relating what the skinners faced when they reached prairies which had turned into an abatoir for the buffalo. As we shall see by the name, Crego has variants in many specimens. The spring of '73 seems too early a date for much buffalo-connected activity around Jacksboro, though ballad makers have often slipped on the calendar, "Jacksboro" was home in a relative sense for being a sort of job headquarters. Its permanent population, excluding U.S. cavalrymen and these itinerant working men, could have been no more than a few hundred.

That skinners might have to pay for transportation to the job seems puzzling since there were few railroads or stagecoaches in that part of the West. But, possibly, some greedy employers did charge for riding the supply and hide wagons used on these expeditions. Few skinners rode horses in these last slaughters of the buffalo. Refusal to provide return transportation for men wanting to quit during the season could be a way of holding them to the job.

Come, all you jolly buffalo skinners, and listen to my song,
And do not go outrageous, for the length it won't be long,
'Twas all in the spring of 'eighty-three, I happened in Jacksboro,
There I met with a fellow called Ira Crago by name.

"Ira Crago" is given as the complete name of the cheating hide boss in this stanza from an Oklahoma version collected by Ethel and Chauncey Moore. In still another version the name is Bailey Griego. In most cases, however, only the surname "Crego" or many variants is recorded.

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For any worker who just walked off might wind up slain and scalped by Indian bands determined to hold these hunting grounds lying south of the Arkansas river and guaranteed them by treaty.

At the time, too, there might have been a shortage of men for the dangerous labor of buffalo skinning so that job seekers could demand "good wages". Skinners usually received from twenty to twenty-five cents for each hide stripped from the big carcasses, though the boss hunter generally rejected three out of five hides for being of poor grade.

Yet, whatever conflicts of date or questions about uncertain references, this ballad, found in sixty known stanzas of many versions, is one of the great Western labor songs. It is comparable to the "Old Chisholm Trail" which arose from working cowboys, or to the later song-poems about migrant workers by Joe Hill of the almost forgotten Industrial Workers of the World (IWW).

"Its words are blunt, direct, odorous, plain, and made hand to hand, having the sound to some American ears that the Greek language of Homer had for the Greeks of that time." (10th Century B.C.) So commented noted author-folklorist Carl Sandburg, who first sang the ballad to guitar accompaniment for Miss Larkin. The same quotation has also been attributed to John A. Lomax, who would do much to popularize the song the 20th century.

The ballad's structure is just as impressive on modern literary levels. Sandburg would declare, "It is the framework of a big sweeping novel of real life, condensed into a few telling stanzas."

Within that same stirring, sustained narrative the ballad carries us to the "range of the buffalo", a phrase often used like still others as an alternate title. Apparently, Crego's outfit was larger than the average, which usually consisted of four men: the hunter who was practically always the employer, two skinners, and a teamster or "freighter" driving the hide wagon into which skins were loaded. But by the song:

"It's now our outfit was complete —
seven able bodied men."

From this count Crego may have hired a man to assist him in the hunting. The increased take of hides from this arrangement would have required four skinners instead of the usual two. One freighter could have handled the big hide wagon often pulled by mules. Anybody in the crew could have driven, when occasion required, the smaller supply wagon.

Other versions have the party consisting of even more than seven.

Apparently, all was smooth sailing as long as the outfit remained within the radius of Jacksboro. Near that town the army had built Fort Richardson whose garrison was meant to protect the area against unwelcome visits from Kiowas and Comanches. It would seem, too, that the buffalo men probably enjoyed the first lap of the trip as they headed northwest toward the largely unsettled Texas Panhandle.

"Our way it was a pleasant one, the
route we had to go,
Until we crossed the Pease River, on
the range of the buffalo.

It's now we've crossed Pease River,
our troubles have begun—
While killing the damned old
stinkers, our lives they had no show,

For the Indians waited to pick us off
On the hills of Mexico."

- Composite version

The Pease River section was the center of a large buffalo hunting ground in that part of the Panhandle adjoining New Mexico Territory — shortened in the ballad, for the sake of balance, to "Mexico." There the Plains tribes would roam unchecked till they began surrendering at Fort Sill in Indian Territory around 1875. At the peak of the buffalo epoch, U.S. Cavalrymen seldom appeared in this area unless on punitive expeditions.

The tribesmen had two advantages in that final era of Indian warfare. They were always mounted on good ponies well-trained for hunting or battle. Also, these familiar prairies where they rode lacked the natural concealment of large trees and hills, lessening the odds against the hated whites.

By contrast, the buffalo men worked afoot — easy targets for the warriors. The white commercial hunters had found that hunting from the saddle excited and disturbed the herds, causing them to scatter. Result: the fewer the kills, the fewer the hides to be sold to the dealers often sending buyers in wagons from places like Fort Griffin, Dodge City, and Fort Worth. Hide prices ranged from $1.25 to $5.00 each.

But, perhaps, Crego's crew might have minded less the risks if he had fed them decently and if they had palatable water to drink. Evidently, the boss hunter had failed to lay in sufficient stocks of bacon, coffee, beans, and dried fruits (staples of a hunt) before bringing his crew to this dismal place. For declares one specimen of the song:

"Our meat it was buffalo hump and
iron wedge bread
And all we had to sleep on was a buf-
falo robe for a bed;
The fleas and graybacks (lice) oh
boys was not slow,
I tell you there's no worse hell on
earth than the range of the buffalo."

- A version sung by John A. Lomax
1936-37.

In the Larkin version:

"He (Crego) fed us on such sorry
chuck I wished myself most dead,
It was old jerked beef, croton coffee,
and sour dough bread.
Pease River's salty as hell-fire, the
water I could never go,
Oh God I wished I had never come to
the range of the buffalo."

"Croton" was a coffee stretcher, used as chicory sometimes is today. A boss who didn't serve his men good, stout coffee was looked on as being pretty paltry by the West's migrant workers. And as if all this combined misery was not enough, there were plagues of flying insects — gnats, wasps, horseflies, and common flies. Worst of all the monstrous swarms of mosquitoes:

"And mosquitoes by the millions, the
Indians I'd rather fight,
For they sucked the blood from every
pore on the range of the buffalo."

- Jack Thorp and James Freeman
versions, later recorded by J. Frank
Dobie.

The stench from rotting buffalo carcasses made the men gag as they shot, skinned, and loaded the hides. All around them lay the putrescent, disintegrating flesh fed on by coyotes, maggots and swarming flocks of buzzards — those filthiest of all birds. Men retched from what was called "buffalo sickness". At any minute, an arrow or a bullet fired by some hidden Indian war band might suddenly strike a skinner or a hunter.

"They ran through the brush and the
stickers, we stood but little show

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And the Indians watched to pick us off on the hills of Mexico."

Thorp version indicating that Crego's crew also hunted buffalo in New Mexico. Another line refers to Boggy Creek, a well-known camping place for buffalo men "in the hills of Mexico."

Those suffering whites could not have been expected to understand the greater and more basic problems of the resentful Indians. Crego's men would be here for a season before scattering and leaving ruined tribal hunting grounds behind them. But, for untold centuries, the Plains Indian tribes had centered an entire way of life around the big, shaggy beasts, seeming as eternal as the broad, natural pastures on which they grazed.

Not only did the buffalo figure prominently in the ancient rituals and ceremonies of the so-called "wild tribes", but from those enormous herds Indians had derived the nourishing meat that was their principal food, the skins for their warm robes and comfortable moccasins and leggings, the walls of cured buffalo hides for their teepees, the bones shaped into needles and the sinews becoming stout thread.

By contrast, reservation cow beef, often tainted and rotting, gave them dysentery and intestinal troubles. Reservation clothing, sometimes castoffs sent by church missionary societies, were of little protection against the cold wintry blasts sweeping down from the northwest. Incidentals like needles, thread and fishing cord seemed poor stuff compared to what tribesmen had shaped from the bones and guts of the buffalo.

Even at the peak of the summer hunting season a warrior equipped with gun or bow, aiming from horseback, would slay no more than 40 or 50 buffalo per day. The main core of herds would be left alive to reproduce so that from season to season the number of buffalo would remain about the same.

But these wasteful, pedestrian whites fired with heavy-caliber Sharps and Henry rifles especially designed to butcher buffalo en masse! Weapons were capable of destroying a hundred of the slow-witted beasts per hour, with the hunters lying concealed behind high stands of brush or sticks, wiping them all out on one traditional hunting ground after the other.

No wonder that the Indians angrily protested the presence of the hide gangs by demanding enforcement of the pact forbidding such slaughtering sprees south of the Arkansas. That finally, hungering from reservation fare, they would ride out from Indian Territory to protect the buffalo ranges guaranteed to them.

Their leaders were chiefs like Satank of the Kiowas, Roman Nose of the Cheyennes and half-white Quanah Parker of the Comanches. They gave the invaders no quarter and expected none in return. Back on the reservations they had wives and children and other dependents who looked to them for support.

So a doomed people fought for a doomed animal — and for the aboriginal form of society which had preserved them both. But the odds against them were too formidable as the tribes kept dwindling with the herds that had supported them.

"The hell with the Indians," tough hide hunter Hank Campbell had boasted in a statement gleefully echoing across the bars of the straggling white settlements. "If they want to powwow, we'll let out Sharp's do our talking for us."

Campbell's opinion would have been that of Crego's miserable crew exterminating the last buffalo along Pease River. By their views, justice would have been only for whites. Like most Southwesterners of their time, they would have despised Negroes, Mexicans and especially Indians.

Meanwhile, the discontent of these men lured by false hopes would have kept growing.

The Southwest's tricky weather would have heightened tensions in that dreadful area of scant shade and few windbreaks. Sweaty body odors would have added to the appalling smell of decaying animals as the sun blazed from those scorching skies. Sandstorms whipped up by sudden gusts would have stung the faces of the half-starved men as they labored with skinning knives. They would have cursed and cracked bitter jokes and often been short-tempered with each other. They would have often damned Crego behind his back. But nothing in any version of the ballad suggests that they plotted any long-term conspiracy against him.

Those who may have had woman ties would be remembering the softness of feminine voices, the taste of well-cooked meals and all those other associations of marriage or romance.

"Go home to your wives or sweethearts, tell others not to go,
For God's forsaken the buffalo range
and the damned old buffalo."

Combined text by Austin and Alta S. Fife.

As an example:

During 1874 hide hunter Emmanuel Dubbs went in search of his missing partner, remembered only as Peters. The Dubbs-Peters outfit had pitched camp in No Man's Land now a part of Oklahoma, but not then attached to any state or territory.

Dubbs paused at a cottonwood grove in that somber stretch lying between Texas and Kansas. His eyes were fixed on a written sheet of paper. It proved to be a fragment of a love letter from his partner's girl friend. Peters, he knew, had customarily carried all of her correspondence in an inside coat pocket.

A further search turned up no more letters. But in the center of that dreary patch lay the corpse of Peters, riddled with blood-encrusted arrows. Then Dubbs remembered that his friend had promised the waiting girl back home that he would never make another buffalo hunt. Memories of other such tragedies must have died with the last old buffalo men, fading away during the 1940's. But, also, many an Indian woman must have mourned a man pierced by the heavy Sharps or Henry rifles in that desperate struggle for survival of the Plains tribes.

That terrible summer of '73, or it could have been a year or two later, wore on with Crego's men becoming madder and hungrier. Their callous employer began demanding even more work during those daily sun-to-sun stints.

"The boss he used to haze us though none of us was slow
Until we wished we'd never seen the range of the buffalo."

- Collected by J. Frank Dobie.

The mood of the suffering workers changed from anger to stark hate. Never in all the rough jobs found by itinerants had they found a rougher boss than Crego. Their feelings were expressed in one of the most poignant stanzas of any American labor song:

"Our hearts were cased with buffalo hooks, our souls were cased with steel.
And the hardships of that summer nearly made us reel."

Several versions.

But one thing these exploited

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wanderers could look forward to at the end of the hunting season: being paid off. Then good-bye to the range of the buffalo.

Naturally the men expected wage deductions for cash advances made by the boss for personal supplies bought at frontier trading posts: tobacco, candy, boot laces, gloves and red bandana handkerchiefs. Maybe, in the case of men with attachments, there were take-home gifts like decorated combs or brass-plated pocket mirrors for wives or sweethearts.

But the boss wouldn't pay up when pay day came. What happened instead is told in stanzas that are sweepingly Homeric:

"The first snow fell, Old Crego fumed, and this to us did say
The boys had been outrageous, were in debt to him to stay.

We'll now our summer's work is done, boys, the boss to us did say
I'm so deep in debt, boys, I see no show to pay.

We coaxed him and we begged him and still it was no go—
We left old Crego's bones to bleach on the range of the buffalo.

We tripped him and we kicked him to make the money flow
We left his pesky hide to bleach with the bones of the buffalo.

With pistols and with rifles, I want you all to know
We left the driver's bones to bleach in the hills of Mexico."

- Fife composite version

The *driver* in this grim finale would have referred to Crego, who would also have steered horse or mule teams as well as hunted buffalo. The reference to "the hills of Mexico" implies that the men slew their cheating employer in New Mexico Territory, divided his money — there could have been a lot of it — then scattered, after riding back to Jacksboro in Crego's wagons.

If the slaying occurred in New Mexico, with its frail legal structure based largely upon Mexico custom, there would have been no charges brought against them in Texas. But if Crego died from a combination of stinginess and homicide there, the incident would have erupted in one of the many Plains' unorganized counties lacking enough permanent residents to build courthouses and elect sheriffs.

So far as we know, the men were not pursued either by Texas or New Mexico Rangers who might have been highly disinterested anyhow. For by the frontier code a man "who wouldn't pay his help" was in the same category with a horse thief or a molester of women: deserving of summary justice. By the same folkway, Crego, the deadbeat, deserved to lose *all* his money for his greedy behavior.

As a line of still another version says tersely:

"The bankruptcy law didn't apply on the range of the buffalo."

By 1884, after many years of continual slaughter, there were no more buffalo left to hunt. None were left at all beyond a few small herds salvaged by sympathetic ranchers like Charles Goodnight of Texas and "Scotty" Phillips of Nebraska; by the New York Zoological Society and its distinguished director, Dr. Walter Hornaday; still later by the U.S. Department of the Interior at its wildlife preserve in the Wichita Mountains; and corresponding state set-ups such as the Oklahoma Wildlife Commission.

However, the stirring song would survive "the thundering herds" and most of the men who had helped destroy them. Co-author Harold Preece first heard the ballad in 1937 from an old buffalo hunter and close Austin, Texas, neighbor, Ninian B. Barron. Mr. Barron, a very literate ex-Marylander, was, coincidentally, a devout church member.

Early in the twentieth century was an all-out quest begun by scholars and folklorists for indigenous American ballads. These dedicated men and women knew that many early and definitive songs of our country would fade and be forgotten under the pressures of continued urbanization unless efforts were made to preserve them by print and musical scores.

One of the hardiest of the old songs seemed to be that ballad "The Buffalo Skinners", known also under different variant titles.

The song was obviously "grassroots Americana" in theme and context. The tune could have been derived from England or Scotland, though this question remains unsettled.

Mrs. Fannie H. Eckstrom declared in a 1933 issue of the bulletin *Northeast* that the tune came from "an English sea song, 'Canada-I-O', of the early 1800's", as well as from a love song "Caledonia", an ancient name for Scotland, published in 1800. Mrs. Eckstrom's opinion carried some weight because she had been associated with the famous folklorist, Phillips Barry. "Canada-I-O" is known to have been a favorite song of British seamen, what with Canada being a member of the British Empire.

An eminent folklorist, George Lyman Kittredge, thought that the song came from "Canada-I-O", a song of a sailor and a lady. But Austin and Alta Fife, after research into the background of "Canada-I-O", have this to say:

"In 1853 Ephraim Bailey, living in Hudson, Maine, hired out to Fields, Phillips, and Norcross to cut timber at Three Rivers, Province of Quebec. The following spring, upon his return home, he wrote 'Canada-I-O' in commemoration of his experience."

- Songs of the Cowboys, 1966

In this Maine "Canada-I-O", it is a minister of the Gospel who tries to cheat lumberjacks out of their wages. After many trials and tribulations, the men do collect their wages and return home without any blood being shed.

This same song, with changes of title, workmen and locale, can also be found in folk music history as "Michigan-I-O", "The Jolly Lumbermen", "The City of Winnipeg" (a distinctly Canadian version), "Collie's Run I-O", "The Buffalo Skinners", "Range of the Buffalo", and many others.

The theme of these songs is similar: In each an employer tries to defraud workers of their wages. Each specimen contains the same work rhythm. The ballad commonly known as "The Buffalo Skinners" is no exception.

Mrs. Eckstrom believed that "Canada-I-O" must have been carried to the West by a man from Maine. And that he, himself, altered the song later, to fit new events. But extensive research by these REAL WEST co-authors indicate that both tune and words were well known, prior to the Old West era, in the North, New England, parts of the southern East Coast, significantly in Tennessee which would export so many ballads of British origin to the South and West.

We believe that cowboys driving cattle from Texas into the West and

(continued on page 51)

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Charles Dunne

Q. About the outlaw John Wesley Hardin: Was he really fast on the draw? I heard he was killed in Texas while playing dice instead of watching himself. I am really interested in him. Sgt. G. Fried, APO New York.

A. Since John killed forty-three men (although a few by outright murder), he must have been somewhat faster than the dead ones. John was not a nice character; the Texas Rangers called him the "worst outlaw". He was killed, as you say, during a dice game, but it was murder. He was shot from behind. A book, *Kill or be Killed,* by Ed Bartholomew (Frontier Press, Texas, 1953) contains material on Hardin. He also wrote his autobiography.

Hardin

Q. In reading about the Army's fights with the Indians, I've come across the term, "yellowleg sergeant". What does it mean? V. Morse, Idaho Falls, Idaho.

A. A "yellowleg sergeant" was a sergeant in the cavalry, so called because of the yellow stripe down his breeches' seams.

Q. Where on earth did those ridiculous Zouave uniforms worn by the Union Army originate? L. Frazier, Tucson, Arizona.

A. At the start of the Civil War the memory of Napoleon I and the great days of the French Empire still influenced the American military. The Zouaves were the French Algerian troops, and the American Zouaves copied their uniforms. However, the fashion didn't last long.

Q. What actually was "hardtack" used by the Army? M. Brawner, Jackson, Mississippi.

A. Old soldiers would say you are fortunate in not knowing. Hardtack was hard, unleavened bread baked in cakes resembling the modern soda cracker but much thicker, about three inches square, decorated with indentations that looked like spike punctures and (old soldiers say) about as indestructible as a steel plate. It lasted almost forever, including in your stomach. Favorite ways of eating it was to soak it first in coffee or crumble it into stews.

Q. Didn't the early Westerners have matches? What were they like? P. Quigley, Mason City, Iowa.

A. Their use was not too extensive in the early days. Although the phosphorus match, called "lucifers", was invented in 1827, it was too expensive to reach the West immediately. Some did reach there, and they were hard as the devil (no pun intended) to light. They had to be drawn through folded sandpaper to ignite. Phosphorus "strike-anywhere" matches came next, from 1836 on, and the heads contained yellow or white phosphorus, sulphur, and other disagreeable ingredients in them. They smelled horribly when you struck them, and they were very poisonous. Some unhappy individuals did commit suicide by chewing and ingesting the heads. Paper book matches did not appear until 1892.

Q. What were the Western Hog Ranches? Did they raise hogs? T. Boggs, Arvada, Colorado.

A. Alas, no. Pleasant as would be the thought, hog ranches came into being during and after the administration of President Hayes, and they were what we would call today speakeasies or blind pigs. President Hayes was adamantly opposed to drinking and tried to stop the sale of liquor on Army posts. As a result, enterprising merchants opened up shops around the posts, labeled "hog ranches", which sold the soldier, and anyone else, whatever hard stuff they wanted.

Q. Did Jim Bowie actually invent the Bowie knife? P. Corne, El Cajon, California.

A. No, he didn't. He ordered a knife made by James Black of Hempstead County, Arkansas, a blacksmith who was more than a blacksmith: he was a metalsmith and, beyond that, an artist. His knives were known all over the Southwest. Bowie ordered a knife to his own specifications. Black filled the order and at the same time made a knife that he thought would be more suitable. Bowie chose Black's model.

Q. The old Conestoga wagon I've seen in pictures looks pretty rugged. What was it made of? V. Olaynack, Lincoln, Nebraska.

A. The frame was white oak, the side boards were poplar, the bolsters and axles were of hickory, the hubs of black or sour gum. Typically, it was 26 feet long, 11 feet high, and weighed, empty, 3,000 to 3,500 pounds. It required the work of four men for two months to build.

Q. Why did the Indians call the wagon "wohaws" and "goddams"? P. Millington, Decatur, Illinois.

A. Actually they called the oxen "wohaws" and the wagons "goddams". They heard the drivers giving commands to the oxen, like "whoa" to stop and "haw" meaning turn left. The "goddam" was also picked up from the sulphurous language the drivers used.

Q. I was amazed to read that the frontiersmen shod their oxen. What did they use? W. Gardiner, Lansing, Michigan.

A. Sometimes iron and sometimes rawhide. Since they are cloven hoofed, shoeing them was quite an art.

Q. Were the Mountain Men as glamorous as the books make them? K. Dubbins, Davenport, Iowa.

A. To be frank about it, most of them stunk; literally, that is, as they seldom bathed. Contemporary frontiersmen (who didn't bathe too often themselves) complained about them and gave them a wide berth when they came to town. They were beaver trappers and butchers, and later buffalo hunters, and even the strongest soaps couldn't remove the odor of their profession. Most of them were misfits, ne'er do wells and even outlaws.

Q. What does eating loco weed do to horses? B. Brennan, Athens, Georgia.

A. While horses won't usually eat it, they will if grass is scarce. And once they get the habit, they'll look for it, just like someone hooked on dope. The stuff affects his eyesight, and he stumbles and staggers, he'll rear and shy at nothing. He'll go without food and water looking for loco weed, and he'll probably die if you don't pen him up and send for the vet. ●RW

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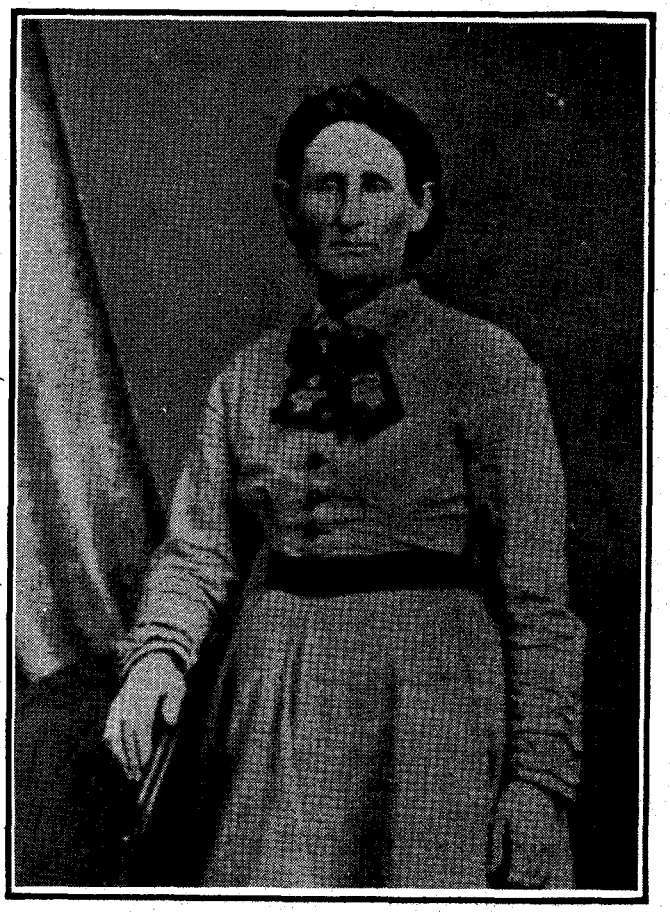
NANCY KELSEY, Barefoot On The Sierra Trail

COVER STORY

By Ruth Mepham Shaw

In 1841, it took the Bartleson party five months to travel from Missouri to the summit of the Sierra Madres. From there, racing the winter gales, traveling on foot, they wore out shoes but they pushed on until they reached the rich San Joaquin Valley in California.



Courtesy Bancroft Library, University of California Berkeley.

Nancy Kelsey, first woman to cross the Sierra Nevada range into California.

Nancy Kelsey, hungry, cold and frightened on her eighteenth birthday, sat astride her gaunt horse, clutching her baby girl, not yet one year old. The sough of the wind in the Sierra pines was a song of utter loneliness in a wilderness never before traveled by a white woman. Nancy was not traveling that day, but she was seated on her horse because it was the safest place for her and her child to await the return of her husband and the other members of the emigrant Bartleson Party. No other woman was in that party.

The long journey that had brought her to the summit of the Sierra Nevadas had been undertaken with the confidence that her older, widowed sister would be her companion in whatever hardships might come to them. Waiting on her horse, Nancy had survived more than five months of trail travel. She knew well the terrible hardships of the trip, but she also remembered great and wonderful scenes of the country over which she and her companions had made their trail.

Early in May, 1841, sixty-nine men, women and children had gathered at Sapling Grove, Missouri, prepared to undertake a journey to California. They had wagon teams with oxen, mules and horses. They carried provisions according to estimates of needed supplies calculated by leaders of the party. No cows had been taken and the children suffered from the lack of milk. There was less than one hundred dollars in money among the entire company.

A meeting was held, the party was formally organized, and John Bartleson was elected captain. He was not a popular man, but he was finally chosen because he threatened to leave the party, if not elected, and take seven or eight men with him. The loss of those experienced men would have seriously hurt the strength of the emigrant company. For most of the journey he was captain in name only, and the actual leadership was assumed by Benjamin Kelsey, husband of Nancy.

Some of the men, young and unmarried, were making the trip in a search for adventure, and they had no plans to settle in California. Moving was a custom for most members of the party, often an escape from the boredom of backwoods living. They were all young, the majority was under thirty,and they were used to hardships, but they were also ignorant of the vast country beyond the Rocky Mountains where they must travel on the second half of their trip.

Uncertainty as to which of the known routes to take to California delayed departure until they received news brought by a late arrival to the party. A misssion headed by three Jesuit missionaries and led by Captain Thomas "Broken Hand" Fitzpatrick, one of the great guides to the west, was traveling to Fort Laramie. The emigrants elected to join the missionary party which would travel in the general direction of California for nearly a thousand miles.

Led by Captain Fitzpatrick, they traveled northwest over the prairie, crossing several streams whose banks were lined with groves of oak, black walnut, elm and white hickory. Then they went along the south side of the Platte River and commenced a day's journey along the South Fork. The country became more interesting as they crossed over to the North Fork and passed Court House Rocks and Scott's Bluffs. There they saw antelope, many elk, and a large herd of buffalo.

At sunset, on June 1, 1841, a wedding ceremony was read by Reverend Williams, joining in marriage Isaac Kelsey and Miss Williams. The mother of the bride unpacked and spread her best white tablecloth over the wagon tailgate to form an altar. Joseph Chiles had a violin and played music suitable to the occasion. This was the first festive occasion of the trip, and the pleasure of the emigrants in the wedding celebration added to their general feeling of hopefulness because they were well started on their journey.

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Two weeks later, a young man drew his gun from his wagon in such a manner, with the muzzle pointed toward him, that it went off and shot him near the heart. He died within an hour and was buried on the plains with as much ceremony as was possible in that time and place.

The journey was resumed, and new sights and adventures engaged the emigrants. For several days they traveled over plains black with buffalo as far as the eye could see. The huge animals plunged into the Platte River by the thousands, making the water unfit to drink, but the emigrants had to use it. Camp was made away from the River, and the emigrants could hear, day and night, the thunder of the passage of the buffalo, and they could feel the ground tremble under the mighty beat of hooves. All of one night the men built fires and discharged guns to keep the hordes from running over the emigrants, animals, and wagons, and trampling them into the dust.

Hot days, pouring rain followed by hail to a depth of four inches, and in the distance, an angry whirling tornado passing within a quarter of a mile of the wagons were all endured by Nancy and her worn fellow travelers. On June 22, 1841, they rolled, walked and rode into Fort Laramie, about eight hundred miles and forty-two days from their starting point at Sapling Grove. When they left Fort Laramie, a mountain man known as "Cocrum" joined the emigrants.

Above the forks of the Platte River, they continued to see huge natural rock formations, bluffs, and a great landmark, Chimney Rock, towering and nearly square. In the clear air of the Rocky Mountains the formations were awesome and seemed to beckon members of the party. Several of the men rode fifteen and twenty miles toward the formations, but they seemed no nearer than when they had started, so they turned their horses and came back. Great numbers of bighorn sheep were glimpsed in the fantastic forms of Scott's Bluffs which were washed and broken into an immense city of towers and castles. John Bidwell attempted to hunt the sheep, but he could not follow them into the narrow crevices and trails in the bluffs.

On July 23, 1841, the emigrants arrived at Green River, driven hard all the way by Captain Fitzpatrick. There they met a party of trappers, and from them Nancy and the others learned that the arrival of the emigrants was significant. In the previous year the trappers had held their last great rendezvous. The era of the trapper was ended, and the day of the emigrant had begun. The trappers told the emigrants that it would be impossible to get their wagons into California if they traveled the overland route. They were advised to travel down along the Snake River into Oregon.

On July 30, 1841, Father Pierre Jean De Smet, leader of the Jesuit missionaries, married the Widow Gray, Nancy's sister, and the mountain man, Cocrum, who had joined the party at Fort Laramie. Nancy soon realized that her new brother-in-law would not attempt the overland trip into California and that her sister would leave the party with him. Seven of the young, unmarried men had left the party and begun their return journey to the east, declaring that they had had an unforgettable holiday.

About 560 miles out from Fort Laramie, the Bartleson and missionary parties came to Soda Springs. It was August 2, 1841, and they were at the northernmost bend of the Bear River, a bright and lovely place. An abundance of soda water gushed from Steamboat Spring, the hills were covered with beautiful fir and cedar, and the travelers were refreshed in the wild beauty of their camp.

It was there that the parties separated; the missionary party, led by Captain Fitzpatrick, was to turn north and go into the Flathead nation, their destination. Fort Hall lay on their route, and from Fort Hall there was a trail along the Snake River by which travelers could reach the Columbia River and find their way into Oregon.

Thirty-two members of the Bartleson Party refused to venture into the unknown and trackless overland region to California, and they chose to travel with the missionary party to Fort Hall where they would take the Snake River trail into Oregon.

Sad farewells were exchanged in that last, beautiful camp, and none was more sorrowful than the parting of Nancy and her sister. Nancy had firmly chosen to go with her husband, knowing that she would be the lone woman and her daughter the only child on an unguided trip, the length and dangers of which she did not know. Her sister had asked her why she was making that terrible choice, and she had answered,

"I can better endure the hardships of the journey than the anxieties of an absent husband."

The Bartleson Party now numbered thirty-two, the same number as those who had left with the missionaries. The remaining, resolute members would make the first attempt to open the emigrant trail to California. They were predominantly Americans of the Western states.

Most had grown up on farms, had handled firearms, and knew something of hunting, but they could not be called true frontiersmen. Most of them were under thirty years of age, some under twenty-one. The oldest was Charles Hopper who was forty-one. Two former school teachers, John Bidwell, and "Cheyenne" Dawson, kept diaries of the trip. The latter was called "Cheyenne" after a frightening but harmless encounter he had with a party of Cheyenne Indians.

The party advanced over one hundred miles toward Salt Lake before the four men who had gone to Fort Hall caught up with them, bringing the advice to strike out west of Salt Lake. At Fort Hall the men had been told not to travel too far north into broken country where steep canyons could bewilder them until they perished, nor to travel too far south into a wasteland without grass.

They traveled on plains and over hills thickly covered with sagebrush, extremely difficult to break a trail through and sometimes overturning a lightly loaded wagon. The dull color and shaggy appearance of the sage was a dreary prospect for the struggling party. The brush, when large enough, could be used for fuel, and it sheltered jack rabbits and sage hens. At times they journeyed over plains crusted with salt, white as snow. Driven by chilly night winds, the surface was weirdly like a winter lake scene.

Desperately seeking water, the emigrants turned to an easterly course, went about ten miles, and soon after daylight arrived at Bear River. The water at that point, so close to Salt Lake, was too salty for the animals, but the travelers had to use it. Although it could not quench thirst, it could save life. The search for water had to be continued, and a westerly course brought them no relief. They turned directly north, and guided by antelope trails, they traveled but a few miles when they found an abundance of grass and good water. There they rested for nearly a week because of the poor condition of the animals.

Talbot Green, pleasant and well liked, had some medical supplies and acted as doctor. He was observed to

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be carrying a large chunk of lead, which aroused curiosity. Questions were bad form in those days, and none were asked. The entire party differed from the typical emigrant party traveling to the west in that it was composed of young men, outstanding in vigor, toughness and ability, though lacking in experience.

All of the country which was beyond them was unknown; they only knew that California was west. Fitzpatrick was not much better informed, but he said he had heard that trappers had penetrated the country to the southwest. By his advice, four members of the Bartleson Party traveled to Fort Hall with the missionary party to consult there with Captain Grant.

The remainder of the emigrants traveled slowly down the west side of the Bear River. The days were very hot and nights were freezing. In the distance they could see snow on a large mountain to the west, and two of the young men determined to reach it. They wore moccasins and carried butcher knives for weapons. When they did not return to camp that night, they were given up for lost, but later in the day they limped into camp on very sore feet. John Bidwell was carrying a handkerchief in one hand and opened it to show a nearly melted snowball.

During that week two men went ahead to explore. Provisions were running low and it was urgent to push ahead without delay. The two scouts were gone five days, and when they returned, the party set forth, bearing west, then southwest, and west again in three days of hard travel with one day and night without water. Now they could see craggy mountains, many hundreds of feet above their camp, where they found good grass and water.

They had to make the hard decision to leave their wagons, otherwise the snows would overtake them. They threw away everything that they could not carry, made pack saddles for the oxen, mules and horses, and began the climb over the mountains. The men were not expert in saddle packing, so the packs slid off the animals and many stops had to be made to rearrange the packs.

The days were fiercely hot, and water was scarce. Believing that they were too far south, they turned north, crossed a range of mountains, and found a small stream. Next day, they traveled down the banks of the stream, crossing from side to side, following Indian paths or those made by antelope and deer.

In the afternoon they entered a canyon whose sheer walls towered several hundred feet above them, and the pleasant banks of the stream gave out. They could travel only in the dry bed which was a solid mass of stones and boulders. The animals became tenderfooted, so sore they could barely stand, and still the way became worse. There was no place to lie down for either the emigrants or the animals, the water was gone, and the canyon was leading them directly north.

Scouts were sent out to see if they could scale the precipice of the canyon somewhere and get a view of what was ahead of them. The scouts returned late in the morning and reported that the country looked better three or four miles ahead. The travelers took courage, and even the animals seemed better. In a few hours they arrived at the Humboldt River. From the time the wagons were abandoned, many of the emigrants were forced to walk, and while going down the Humboldt, at least half were on foot. Nancy walked, carrying her child. Joseph Chiles, a widower with children left behind in Missouri, sometimes carried little Annie.

Provisions were now exhausted. There was a scarce growth of coarse grass among the willows; no game was seen but antelope, which were hard to kill. Weariness caused some members of the party to suggest leaving behind seven or eight oxen and rushing on into California. More sensible members pointed out that the oxen were now their main source of food. In this desperate crisis Captain Bartleson declared in a loud voice that he and his men had better animals than the others, and he demanded a large share of an ox which had just been killed, telling the others that they would be repaid when the next ox was killed.

The Captain was given the meat, but as soon as he had it, he and his men mounted their horses. Captain Bartleson shouted that he and his companions were going to California, and if the others could not keep up with them, they could go to hell. In a short time, he and seven of his men were out of sight.

Benjamin Kelsey, Nancy's husband, and John Bidwell led the remaining twenty-four emigrants along Bartleson's trail for two or three days, but when they crossed to the south side of the Humboldt, they turned south into a sandy waste where the wind had blown sand over the tracks. Anxious to reach a lower altitude before winter overtook them in the mountains, they traveled south into the Humboldt Sink. The water in the Sink was stagnant and had the color of lye. It had to be boiled for drinking.

When they arrived at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevadas, two oxen were left. Scouts went ahead to explore the possibility of scaling the mountains, while those in camp killed one ox and dried the meat. When the scouts returned, they reported that it would be possible to ascend the mountains, though very difficult. The next morning, when they were ready for the climb, one of the men looked back toward the plains and saw what he thought was a party of Indians. They were traveling slowly and their movements were puzzling.

The party waited until the unknown travelers came closer, and suddenly, one of the emigrants shouted that they were the eight men, led by Captain Bartleson, who had left them nine days before. All of the men were sick from eating half-spoiled fish and pine nuts given to them by the Indians. The portly Captain Bartleson was reduced to half his former weight. After the emaciated men were fed, the reunited party began the ascent of the mountain on the north side of Walker River.

On October 17, 1841, They reached the summit, an elevation of eight thousand feet. The following day it snowed, adding cold and wetness to hunger and near exhaustion for the emigrants. It was there that Nancy waited alone, except for her baby girl, on the tired and patient horse, while her husband and the other members of the party searched for food and explored the country beyond. Nancy ate roasted acorns on the night of her eighteenth birthday.

Benjamin Kelsey, now the acknowledged leader of the party, made the decision to travel down the tributary canyon of the Stanislaus River, a terrible journey into a precipitous gorge. They struggled on, traveling as near west as they could. When the last ox was killed and eaten, they ate crows or anything they could kill. They were following an Indian trail into a canyon. They attempted to go up the south side, but they found it so steep that many of the animals could not climb it and had to be left behind. Wandering Indians were soon seen gathering around the horses which they butchered and they carried off the meat.

The emigrants descended to the

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By Nono Minor

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

DIET OF THE EARLY INDIANS

People are conditioned from childhood to like certain foods which they continue to eat as adults, even though these do not always furnish the needed nutrition. This was true of the American Indian. Although a few farmed, most tribes depended principally upon wild plants, fish and wild animals for their diet. They had few domesticated animals they used for food. As food was sometimes difficult to obtain, all tribes did not have a balanced diet.

Most tribes had in their diet a little meat which contained proteins and provided all the essential amino acids needed. Over 90 percent of the total proteins in meat can be absorbed by human beings. Indians ate the internal organs of the animals which are rich in vitamin A, B1 (thiamine) and B2 (riboflavin). While the Indians usually cooked their foods, they did not overcook them, thereby not losing the vitamin C (ascorbic acid) found in raw meat. Meat contains more calories per pound than fish because it contains more fat.

The food value of fish varies little between the species, but variations in fat and water are found. The protein content of the edible portions of fish varies from 15 to 20 percent when water is included and from 50 to 90 percent when dry, the balance being almost all fat. Fish lack much in carbohydrates, but essential elements such as potassium, phosphorous, calcium and iodine are found in adequate amounts.

Salt water fish has ten to twenty times the amount of iodine than that of the fresh water species. Fish liver, eaten by the Indian, was an excellent source of vitamin A and D, thiamine (B1) and riboflavin (B2). Small amounts of ascorbic acid (C) are found in the fish roe. The calories per pound, including moisture, for various species range from 250 to 1,000, with salmon averaging 1,000 calories per pound.

Carbohydrates, sugar and starches needed in the diet were obtained in the plant food the Indian ate, while nuts supplied much of the fat value needed in the areas where meat was scarce. The corn or maize eaten by the Indian had a very high protein content. Beans contain around 25 percent protein, while squash about 10 percent.

Wild plants average less protein than maize (corn) or pumpkin-squash and contain only about a third as much as beans. Where the tribes had to depend largely on wild plants, unless supplemented by meat, fish or nuts, their diet was inadequate.

Salt is necessary for human life and found in normal human blood in a concentration of three-tenths of one percent. It helps control the osmotic pressure in body fluids, and this determines the amount of water retained in the body. Most vegetable foods contain a large concentration of potassium which tends to replace the salt in the blood. Meat eaters get a large amount of mineral salt of all kinds from the meat and blood of the animal they eat, so Indians with a meat diet received their amount of sodium needed, while those who had to depend on plants required additional sodium chloride.

The amount of salt required by the human being also is determined by the amount lost in perspiration. Indians living in the warm climates, or the tribes in the desert and southeast required more than those living in the north or cold climates. Tribes living in the southeast obtained their salt principally by evaporating salt water from salt springs or from the ocean. Evaporation might be facilitated by exposure to sun or by boiling over a fire.

The tribes of the Great Basin area obtained most of their salt from the surface of the land in and around dry lake beds. Indians of the Desert and the California Indians used both methods. They gathered the salt from the surface or from shallow mines, and they also evaporated the moisture from salt water.

Salt was a very important trade article among the southeast Indians, the desert Indians, and the California Indians. The desert tribes traded the salt to those tribes at a distance, and long journeys were made to obtain it. The southeastern tribes traded widely, especially on the Mississippi. The California Indians traded from the east side of the Sierras to the west side; the salt trade was so important that a dispute over it in one area caused a war.

The plains Indian had little famine as long as they had buffalo to hunt. They were conditioned to like buffalo and it served most of their needs. After they adapted to the horse, hunting became easy. However, after they were forced into farming they nearly starved. Indians did not like the taste of spotted buffalo, as they called cows, because to them it had a sweet taste, and they would even attribute the epidemics introduced by the white man to the eating of beef.

The plains Indian, therefore, had depended upon a single species for their livelihood more than any other tribe. They did eat some elk, bear and smaller game, but buffalo was their main food. There were fish in the lakes and streams, but few were eaten as these were often taboo. Berries or roots were about the only plant food eaten in any great quantity. The roots were dug up and usually stored away for later use. Most tribes made pemmican. The tribes living near the agricultural areas raised a little corn.

The prairie people hunted and fished, with agriculture furnishing less of their diet than meat. Beans, squash and a few sunflowers, along with wild rice, made up much of their diet. The wild rice was more important than the maize grown by these people.

There were four major varieties of maize grown by the Indians of the prairies and in the east. The first being popcorn, which is believed to be the oldest in these areas. Its priority is established in the southwest, reaching the east at a later date. The second variety is flint corn which is a full-bodied, hard kernel. This is the only type of corn found archeologically in the east and has been found in archeological sites in the northern half of the prairie region.

The source of flint corn is not known, but it, too, is believed to have come

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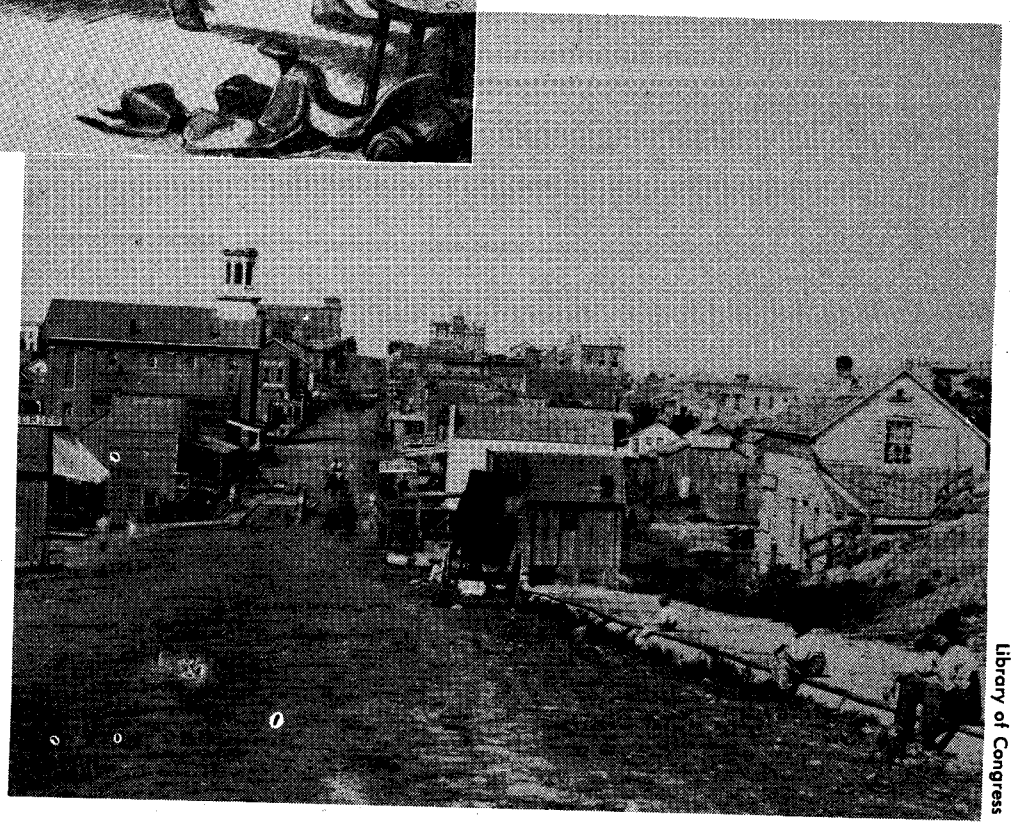
LARGEST WEEKLY CIRCULATION IN AMERICA
TIP TOP WEEKLY
An ideal publication for the American Youth
No. 364.
Price, Five Cents.
FRANK MERRIWELL'S BACKERS
OR, OLD FRIENDS TO THE RESCUE
BY BURT L. STANDISH

From the Dime Novel collection of Edward T. LeBlanc

DIME NOVELS GLORIFYING THE WEST. Frank Merriwell. Frank Merriwell, better known as the sports hero without equal, had many western adventures. Here he is shown shooting a would-be assassin over his shoulder. (Selection of photo suggested by Ralph P. Smith of Lawrence, Mass.)



Fifth Street, Leavenworth, Kansas a hundred years ago.

Library of Congress

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PICTORIAL

From the collection of Frank Simone

CAYATANITA, one of the great War Chiefs of the Navajos, was in command of the Indians during the siege of Fort Defiance. The Navajos were a very numerous band belonging to the Apache nation, inhabiting the mountains and plateaus of Arizona and New Mexico. They acquired many useful arts from the Pueblos, chiefly spinning and weaving. They cultivated the soil extensively, raising corn, squash, melons, etc. Their principal wealth, however, was in horses, sheep and goats. They built rude houses for dwelling places. Descent was in the female line, a man belonging to the clan of his mother, and women held a high position in this tribe.

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HEROINE OF

From the Archives of the Texas State Library

Susannah Dickinson who witnessed the violence of theBattle of the Alamo and survived. Santa Anna sent her to Sam Houston to acquaint him of the fall of the Alamo.

A little-known fact about the Battle of the Alamo is there was a survivor, Susannah Dickinson. She saw her husband, Almaron Dickinson, killed before her eyes but she cooked for the survivors, tended the wounded, and was still alive when the Mexicans stormed the fort and killed the last man!

★ ★ ★

Of the tragic fall of the Alamo in 1836 it was said "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat, the Alamo had none." But the statement is wrong — dead wrong — for indeed the Alamo did have its messenger of defeat, even though every fighting man was killed in the uneven combat.

The messenger was a woman, actually a girl, a brave and a beautiful one. She was the wife of one of the heroic defenders of the old Spanish mission turned into a fortress that bloody day of March 6, 1836.

And even though she saw her beloved husband killed before her eyes, she ministered to the dying, giving what solace she could. She was wounded by a stray Mexican bullet after the fateful battle was over as she stepped outside.

A few days later, not withstanding her wound, she took her year-old baby in her arms and rode a mule to tell the news to Sam Houston, Commander-in-Chief of the Texas

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THE ALAMO

By
A.A. McDonald

Texas Highway Department Photo

The Alamo, Texas mission and fortress at San Antonio which fell to Santa Anna's forces on March 6, 1836. Every fighting man was slain. Susannah comforted the mortally wounded before being captured.

Army of Independence in Gonzales. Her message did much to rally the ragged little band of Texans to victory the following month and thus win the freedom of Texas from Mexican dominion. Her name was Susannah Dickinson, and this is her story as well as the story of the tragic defeat of the Alamo.

Susannah was one of the early Texans, coming to the Lone Star State while it was still under the rule of the Republic of Mexico. Her birthplace was in Tennessee. Her station in life was humble. She matured early and at the age of fourteen was beautiful and well developed. It was also at the age of fourteen that she fell in love with a blacksmith who had migrated to her home state from Pennsylvania.

In a short time the two were married. Soon after, they decided to try their luck in Texas which was largely inhabited by colonists from the United States, although it belonged to Mexico. They settled in the frontier town of Gonzales in south Texas where the husky blacksmith, Almaron Dickinson, had no trouble finding work. In a year (1834) a daughter was born to the couple. They named her, Angelina. Susannah, her husband and baby were all destined to play prominent parts in the history of Texas.

Although Susannah was illiterate, not having the advantage of the barest education, she was a lovely woman full of personality and had no trouble making friends in her new home. When the baby, Angelina, was just a year old, discord flared between the colonists and their Mexican rulers.

A new president, an arrogant tyrant, had taken over the government in Mexico, and the colonists resented his dictatorial ways. His name was General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, and he grandly referred to himself as the Napoleon of the West. He actually thought himself greater than Bonaparte and strove to prove it.

The Texans decided to take up arms against the Mexicans, and as soon as this became known, Almaron Dickinson deserted his forge and joined the armed services of the colonists such as they were and expressed his desire to help free Texas from the yoke of Mexico. Soon after he joined, it was decided to send a group of men to San Antonio to help defend that city, as rumor had it that Santa Anna was coming to capture the town with a large force of soldiers.

When it came time for his departure, Dickinson asked Susannah to accompany him. Without a word of protest she mounted a horse and, with her baby in her arms, rode by her husband's side to his rendezvous with destiny.

When the Dickinsons reached San Antonio, they learned that a company of men under William B. Travis and James Bowie were quartered in the Alamo, an old Spanish mission. They intended to fight Santa Anna from that point once he reached the city. Dickinson placed his wife and baby in the home of Senor and Senora Musquiz who were against Santa Anna and friendly to the colonists.

February rolled around in the new year of 1836, and Santa Anna, with a large force of trained soldiers, arrived in the city and bivouacked not far from the Alamo. The Mexican tyrant demanded an unconditional surrender of the force within the Alamo, and Travis refused, answering with a cannonball. Although there were only 151 Americans in the Alamo, they, to a man, decided to defend the old mission with their lives. Desperate, Travis sent out messengers for help.

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Senora and Senor Musquiz and Susannah got along famously, but when Almaron Dickinson saw that an attack on the Alamo was inevitable, he rode to fetch his wife. Susannah demurred not at all even though she knew her life would be in danger. Holding her baby, she rode back with him. She was to see her husband die before her eyes and the Alamo fall before the hordes of the enemy.

The arrogant Santa Anna raised the crimson banner of no quarter in the Plaza of San Antonio. All was quiet in the camp of the enemy for a spell, then near the end of February more men marched in from Mexico to augment the forces of Santa Anna. Still, the Texans remained at their posts in the Alamo although they could have escaped. On March 1 Captain Albert Martin with 31 fighting men dodged through the Mexican lines and entered the Alamo to bolster the forces therein.

As soon as Susannah had entered the old mission, she took over the job of cooking for the men quartered there. The Texans knew they were supporting a helpless cause, for not by the wildest stretch of imagination could anyone doubt that the outcome of the forthcoming battle would end in defeat for the little band. But the Texans were willing to die for their cause, for well they knew that they were buying time for Sam Houston, Commander-in-Chief of the Texas Army of Independence.

Travis vowed to die defending the Alamo and wrote a letter to "the people of Texas and all the Americans in the world", vowing that he would never surrender or retreat. Susannah listened in awe as he read the heroic statement which is preserved to this day.

A few days before the attack by the Mexicans, Travis' good friend, the brave James Bulter Bonham whom the commander had dispatched to Goliad for help, returned minus the help. He saw the old mission surrounded by countless Mexican soldiers, but he did not hesitate. Astride his snow white steed, he slipped through the enemy lines and rode to the Alamo, knowing he was riding to his death.

It was March 3 that Bonham returned. Inside the old mission the Texans waited for the attack they knew was coming. March 6 dawned and with it came the expected onslaught by the enemy. With great aplomb Santa Anna led his forces to the Alamo, his military band stridently playing the old Moorish battle song, Deguello, meaning "no quarter". The Texans expected none from the merciless tyrant, but not a man among them showed fear. The Mexicans swarmed upon the old mission, killing the sentries. The air was suddenly filled with the boom of cannon and the whistle of bullets.

Knowing that the attack had come, Travis manned a gun on the north side. On top of the chapel stood Bonham firing a cannon. On the southeast side stood the dauntless Davy Crockett and his famed Tennessee boys. James Bowie, so ill from a fall from a gun carriage, lay on his cot but by his side were his guns and knives, and even though almost helpless, he fought as bravely as any man in the Alamo. Many a Mexican soldier went down before Jim Bowie expired. Susannah's husband commanded the artillery. The Texans repulsed the first attack by Santa Anna's army, and many Mexican soldiers fell before the guns of the defenders.

The Mexicans fell back, reorganized and stormed the Alamo for the second time. And once more the guns from the mission drove them back.

For the third time the Mexicans launched a furious attack. This time they succeeded in placing scaling ladders against the walls. They swarmed up the ladders and entered the courtyard of the mission. They were too numerous to drive back, so the Texans retreated inside the Alamo. They fought the overwhelming numbers hand-to-hand, using knives, bayonets, and guns as clubs.

Susannah saw the battle at the height of its fury from a spot inside where she had taken refuge with thirteen others who were not fighting men, most of them being slaves of the defenders. Once, she saw her husband and he begged her to save Angelina. She promised and that was the last time she saw him alive.

The battle proved to be a lost cause for the defenders of Texas liberty.

When the last brave man had fallen, Susannah, her eyes brimming with tears, took water to the dying and gave what solace she could, promising to send messages to their relatives. She looked with horror upon the scene of carnage, at the dead bodies of Crockett, Travis, Bonham, Bowie, her beloved husband in stunned silence, unable at the moment to comprehend the violence that had beset them. Yet later she was able to recount with accuracy the events of the final hours of the Alamo, and that account is on record today, a hundred and thirty-five years later.

After the guns of the Alamo were silenced forever, a Mexican officer who could speak English entered the suddenly silent old mission. He asked for Susannah. She walked with him outside. The Mexican soldiers were still firing spasmodically, and a stray bullet embedded itself in Susannah's leg. She was taken with her baby to the *hacienda* of Senor Musquiz where her wound was treated. Santa Anna then ordered that the bodies of the defenders of the Alamo be piled into a funeral pyre and burned.

A few days later, Susannah had a distinguished visitor, no less than the arrogant Napoleon of the West. Santa Anna considered himself God's gift to women, and his eyes lighted with appreciation when he beheld her fresh young beauty. Very graciously he offered to adopt Angelina, and when Susannah refused, he offered to be her protector also. Susannah indignantly refused and Santa Anna left, greatly humiliated that the lovely lady had refused his (what he considered) magnanimous offer.

Five days after the meeting, the dictator paraded his mass of troops before Susannah in a show of strength. He then gave her a mule and a slave who had survived the Alamo and ordered her to ride to Gonzales and notify Sam Houston of the fall of the Alamo. Susannah mounted the mule and, holding her infant daughter in her arms, made the laborious journey. Once in Gonzales she met Houston and told him the news.

Santa Anna had thought Houston and his men would lay down their arms when acquainted with the news, but such was not so. The Texans and their commander were furious and swore vengeance upon the Mexican tyrant. "Remember the Alamo" became their battle cry. When news of the tragic affair reached the United States, money and men came to help the cause of Texas independence.

A little more than a month later, Houston led his ragged little army to San Jacinto, below the present day city of Houston, retreating before Santa Anna's forces. The two armies met on April 21, 1836. It proved to be one of the most decisive battles in the annals of war-

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fare, for in 18 minutes the enraged Texans, thundering their battle cry of "Remember the Alamo", swarmed upon Santa Anna's minions and defeated them — Texas was free. Santa Anna was captured and made prisoner. Houston was the man of the hour, for he had accomplished the impossible.

After the battle, Texas was declared a republic. Susannah was called upon to testify regarding the fall of the Alamo, for only she knew the names of the brave defenders who died that Texas might be free. Under the laws of the new Republic of Texas the heirs of the fallen heroes were due land grants. Susannah knew the name of every fallen man, and it was through her testimony that their heirs recieved the grants.

After her testimony had been given, Susannah, who was without funds, took her baby to Houston in the hopes that she would find work whereby she could support her child and herself. She was handicapped greatly because of her illiteracy. Besides there were no jobs available. Finally, the fiery Pamela Mann offered her refuge in her inn, the Mansion House. The Mansion House was rough, tough and rowdy. So was Pamela.

When Sam Houston and she had met, when he was on the way to San Jacinto, she had cursed him because he had borrowed a yoke of oxen from her. But to Susannah, Pamela was an angel in disguise. With gratitude she took her baby to the Mansion House. But as soon as she did, the fury of the strait-laced, the prim mouths, and the gossips broke loose.

Forgotten was the heroine's part she had played in the Alamo, the fact that she carried the message of its defeat to Sam Houston thus helping to spur him and his men to ultimate victory. Also forgotten was the help she gave the survivors of the heroes of the Alamo. The consensus of opinion was that Susannah Dickinson was bad, no good and not fit for the society of decent people. Also forgotten were the mitigating circumstances that led her to Pamela.

Two years after the fall of the Alamo, Susannah married for a second time. Her husband was Francis B. Herring. The marriage was a failure, and in a short time the couple were divorced. Then Susannah married a third husband, a man by the name of Peter Bellis. Susannah practically kept up the family by running a boarding house and taking in washing.

One day Susannah, feeling the need of spiritual help, went to church. She heard a fine sermon which shook her to no end. She became a Christian and asked forgiveness for her past transgressions. The minister was impressed by her sincerity and asked her to help him minister to suffering humanity. Susannah went into church work with a will and did much good.

The preacher became a fast friend of hers, but the narrow minded in the congregation turned aside from her. They protested that they wanted no part of the woman who had taken refuge at the inn of the infamous Pamela Mann. She suffered many unkind acts from the strait-laced, and although the preacher took a firm stand in her behalf, she withdrew from the church rather than cause discord.

Those who prayed "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us" refused it to the heroine of the Alamo. Shortly after Susannah left the church, her husband divorced her, so once more she and Angelina were alone.

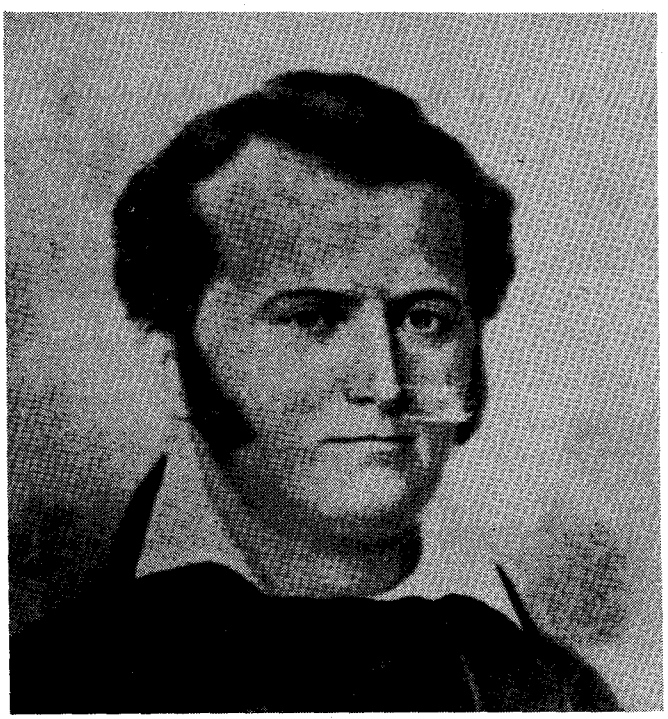
By that time Angelina was a teenager. She had been named the Babe of the Alamo. Even though Susannah's husband had died in the Alamo, she had never received a land grant that was her due. Finally she filed for one on Angelina's behalf. One of the members of the Texas legislature, Guy M. Bryan, took up legal cudgels in Angelina's defense and pleaded eloquently for the grant, but it was refused! A short time later, Angelina married, was divorced and left for New Orleans. Thus she passed from the pages of Texas history.

Susannah attained the age of forty and past, and then happiness came to her after so very long. A man by the name of John W. Hanning, who was sixteen years younger than she, fell madly in love with her. Susannah was still a very beautiful and charming woman. She returned Hanning' s love and they were married. Soon after the marriage, the Hannings moved to Austin where Hanning set up in business as a photographer. His business was a great success as was his marriage. And Susannah was happy after so long.

She turned back to the church and this time was accepted. She did much Christian work while in Austin. She lived contentedly for twenty-six years. At the end of that time she was taken by death. Her adoring husband buried her in Austin, and when he passed on seven years later, he was buried beside her.

Truly Susannah proved herself brave and heroic during the bloody siege of the Alamo. And most certainly she was its messenger of defeat. And most certainly she belongs in the list of heroic pioneer women not only in the annals of Texas history but in the whole nation. She did her part in helping to shape the destiny of the west.

●RW



From the Archives of the Texas State Library

Jim Bowie fought the Battle of the Alamo from a sick bed and died bravely.

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THE EDITOR'S CORRAL

I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

FIRST COLORADO COLLEGE CLASS GRADUATES

Colorado College, at Colorado Springs, and the Colorado State University, at Boulder, graduated their first class, of two and six members respectively, early in June.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, June 24, 1882

CHINESE IMMIGRATING TO BRITISH COLUMBIA

Six hundred Chinese arrived at Victoria, B.C. last week by steamer from Hong Kong, and were subsequently dispatched to Yale. They were penned on board the vessel like hogs.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, June 24, 1882

APACHE CHIEF LOCO IS KILLED

The report that Loco, the chief of the Apaches, was killed during the recent Indian troubles in Arizona is confirmed by the finding of his body. He has been head of his race for five years and an active fighter against the whites, and with his death it is believed that the Apaches will go to pieces as a nation.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, July 1, 1882

JESSE JAMES' WIDOW ON EXHIBITION

The attempt of a shameless fellow out West to make money by lecturing on the outlaw James, with the bandit's widow exhibited on the platform, happily proved a failure, so few people attending the performance in Kansas City and St. Louis that the proposed tour was abandoned.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, July 1, 1882

INDIAN SETTLEMENT AT TEJON DESTROYED

An Indian settlement in Tejon Canyon, California, was destroyed a few days ago by a flood, caused by a cloudburst in the neighboring mountains. Several persons were drowned, and many injured by drift timber.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, July 15, 1882

SMALLPOX RAGING IN INDIAN TERRITORY

Smallpox is raging terribly in the Indian Territory. Muscogee (sic) reports over 200 cases, nearly all of which were fatal. There has been a great lack of physicians and nurses, and many deaths have resulted from this cause. In isolated localities the ravages of the disease have been simply fearful, old and young being swept away.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, July 15, 1882

GENERAL CROOK TRANSFERRED TO ARIZONA

General George Crook has been transferred from the Department of the Platte to the command of the Department of Arizona.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, July 22, 1882

INCIDENT ON MEXICAN BORDER

It is reported that a number of Americans who went across the Rio Grande into Mexico, ostensibly for the purpose of hunting up lost stock, had been captured by the Mexican authorities, thrown into prison and even whipped.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, July 22, 1882

BLACK SMALLPOX IN MEXICO

The black smallpox is raging with great violence at Mazatlan, Mexico, and has already caused fifty deaths.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, July 22, 1882

GUS MENTZEL LYNCHED

Deputy-Sheriff Dolmann, of Raton, New Mexico, attempted to arrest Gus Mentzel, a gambler, last week, when Mentzel opened fire on him, fatally wounding him, and killing three bystanders. Mentzel was immediately lynched by the enraged citizens.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, July 8, 1882

SALMON RUNNING HEAVY IN WASHINGTON

A paper published out in Washington Territory tells this story: "A gentleman while crossing the big Klickitat at Wakiakus ford, one day last week, experienced great difficulty in fording from the countless number of salmon running up the stream, being so thick and coming with such force that his horse could scarcely keep his footing.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, July 8, 1882

SHOOTING AT ST. JOHNS, ARIZONA

Nine Mormon cowboys entered the town of St. Johns, Arizona, last week, and commenced shooting right and left, three citizens being killed before the fight was over.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, July 15, 1882

OKLAHOMA "SOONER"

Captain Payne, of Oklahoma Territory notoriety, announces that he will soon start for the Indian Territory with the largest band of colonists that has yet gone into the Territory.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, July 15, 1882

INDIAN SCOUTS KILLED

Charles Calvig, chief of scouts, and three of his Indian police were killed at San Carlos, Arizona, last week, by White Mountain Indians, while counting them preparatory to issuing rations.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, July 15, 1882 ●RW

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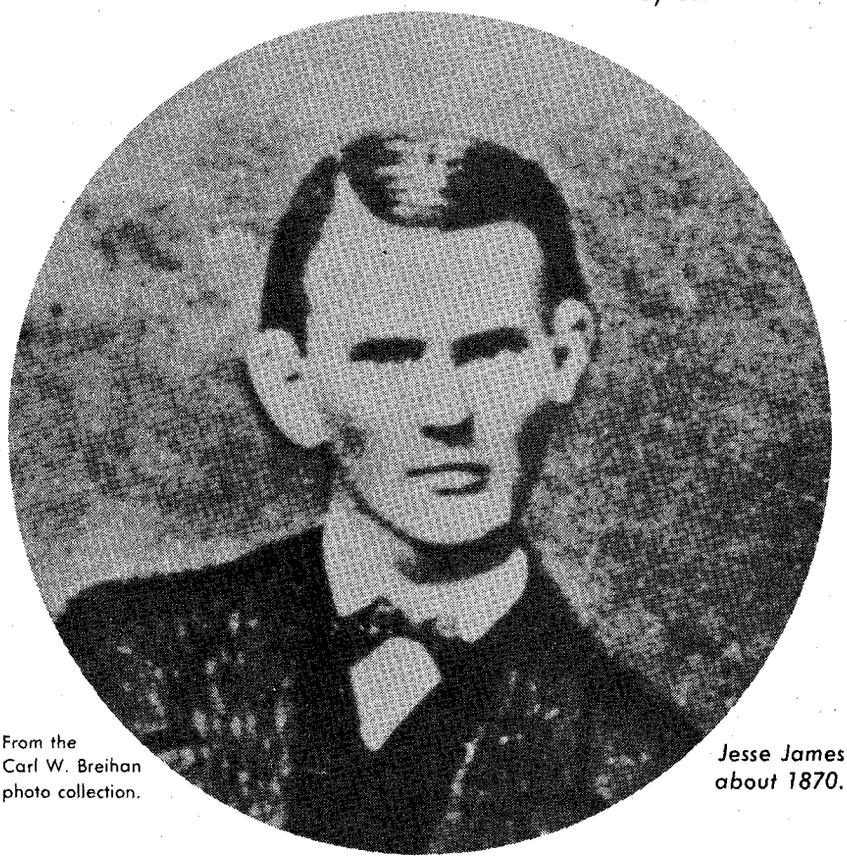
The Day JESSE JAMES Tried To Surrender

COVER STORY

By Carl W. Breihan



From the Carl W. Breihan photo collection.

Jesse James about 1870.

Palm Sunday, 1865, had come and gone. General Lee had surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, and the terrible Civil War was over.

It took time for the news of the surrender to reach the scattered Union commands and the Rebel partisans, as the Confederate soldiers were called by some. By the middle of April many Missouri farmers had returned to their plowing and the bitter realities of reconstruction.

It also found a group of men coming from the east toward the old brick schoolhouse, now called the Burns School. Among this group were Jess Hamlet and the noted guerrilla fighter, Jesse James. They were enroute to Lexington, Lafayette County, Missouri, to surrender their arms to Major Rodgers at that point.

Accounts of what happened vary: the most common of these being that Jesse was shot after he left Lexington, and that Major Rodgers provided transportation for the wounded lad to Rulla, Nebraska. However, it is doubtful if the provost marshal had any knowledge of their coming to Lexington that day. Word had been issued for ex-guerrillas to do so, and they were just following Union instructions.

Coming up the Salt Pond Road from the north was a detachment of Union soldiers from their post at Lexington. On seeing the group of guerrillas and without ascertaining their purpose, they at once fired upon them. In the melee which followed the shooting the horse ridden by Hamlet was killed, and Jesse James lost his hat and was shot in the right lung, the same lung which had been shattered during the war at the fight at Flat Rock Ford.

The road running from the brick schoolhouse had its junction with the Prairie Church Road 300 feet less than a quarter of a mile from where it now connects. Coming south on this road came Jesse James, with Jess Hamlet mounted behind him. Five Federal soldiers followed at a considerable distance, occasionally firing their rifles. South of the location, where Judge Weedin later erected his home, Hamlet got off the horse and entered the brush while Jesse James continued south until even with the A. A. Young farm, where he then made his horse jump the fence.

Next to a spring on the Young farm Jesse encountered Mrs. Young returning to her house from the spring.

"Madam, have you seen any soldiers this morning?" he asked.

Mrs. Young stated that she had not. Jesse then continued riding northwest, and in the open space near the house he could see his pursuers slowly and cautiously riding south on the road he had just abandoned. The weakened lad spurred his horse, rode between the original house on the Young place and a log kitchen some fifteen feet west, crossed the family garden plot, and about 400 yards north came to a rail fence. Here, unable to make his mount leap the fence and too weak to ride, Jesse left the horse and continued north on foot through the timber to a drift mine on Garrison Creek.

The five soldiers who came up secured the horse and rode east to the road, continuing north toward the Burns School where the shooting had occurred an hour earlier.

Jesse remained in the drift mine until dark; he then crept to the brick house of Dr. Barnett Lankford (now the Charles Estabrooks Farm) where he was given food and treatment. After a few days he was able to ride again. Provided with food and medicine, Jesse rode south through Johnson County to a place eight miles southeast of Clinton in Henry County. Here he learned that his mother had been banished from Missouri for her outspoken Confederate sympathies and her unwillingness to conform with the ruling of General Ewing's Order #11.

This order decreed that all people with Southern leanings must leave their homes and live within a given distance from a Federal post. Mrs. Samuel

(continued on page 62)

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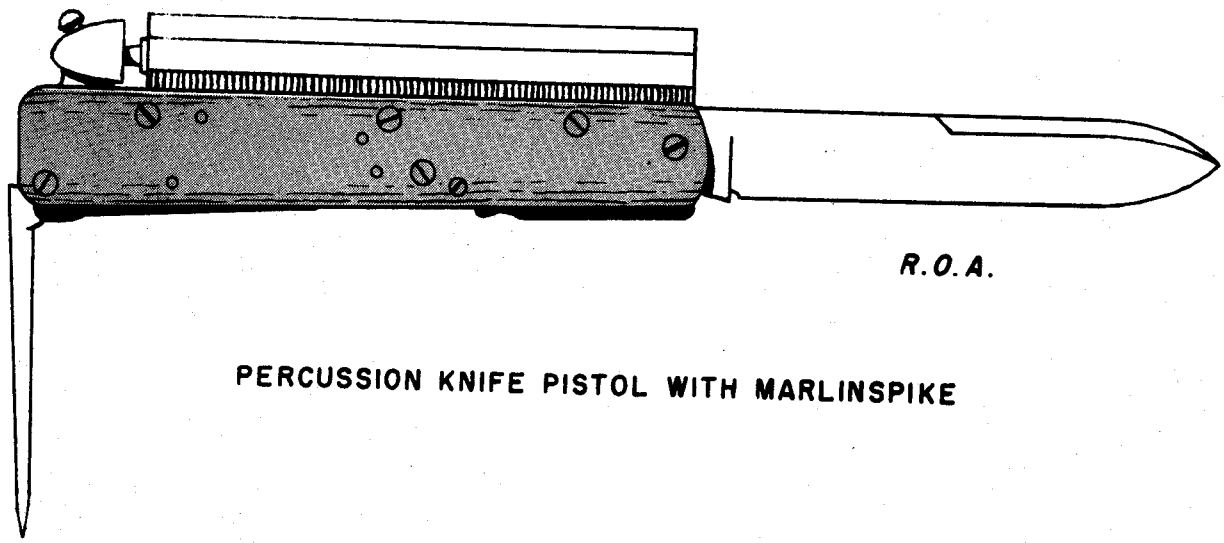
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



PERCUSSION KNIFE PISTOL WITH MARLINSPIKE

Every collector, curator or student of firearm evolution is fascinated by the very unusual arms that have appeared in each period of history.

Many of these odd-balls were seen in the early West, due to their convenient size as hide-out weapons, a larger number of cartridges they held, or some other advantage.

For example, this department has previously discussed the LeMat revolver, a favorite of General Jeb Stuart and of General Beauregard during the Civil War. The LeMat was a dependable, well-made arm and gained some popularity on the frontier just after that war. The arbor upon which the cylinder revolved was actually a short, smoothbored barrel for a buckshot charge — usually about .60 caliber. The cylinder generally had nine chambers instead of six, so the combination gave a lot of firepower. Flipping the hammer nose up actuated the revolver (usually of .40 to .46 caliber). Flipping it down brought the buckshot barrel into action. With many variations the LeMat was made in percussion models and pin-fire models. Later types took center-fire cartridges and shotshells. An updated version of it would make a good police weapon today!

Then there were others like the Vaughan percussion revolver which had two rifled barrels. The cylinder had a second circle of chambers within the outer circle, and a compound hammer again would fire either one. A unique loading lever would even load two chambers at once. Several other makers had variations of this design, and all are rare collector's items now.

Another oddity was a revolver with two or even three cylinders mounted directly behind one another. Holding up to 17 cartridges, these were designed to fire the front cylinder first, then the second one through the empty front one, etc. The systems for accomplishing this varied widely, but examples are the Philip revolver and the Orr Revolver, both in the Smithsonian collection.

Small pistols built into the handles of knives were uncommon, but a few found favor with frontiersmen. (Handy if an enemy appeared while you were slicing bacon.)

The "knuckleduster" was a very popular combination arm in its day. Reid's "My Friend" was one of these. When the small revolver became

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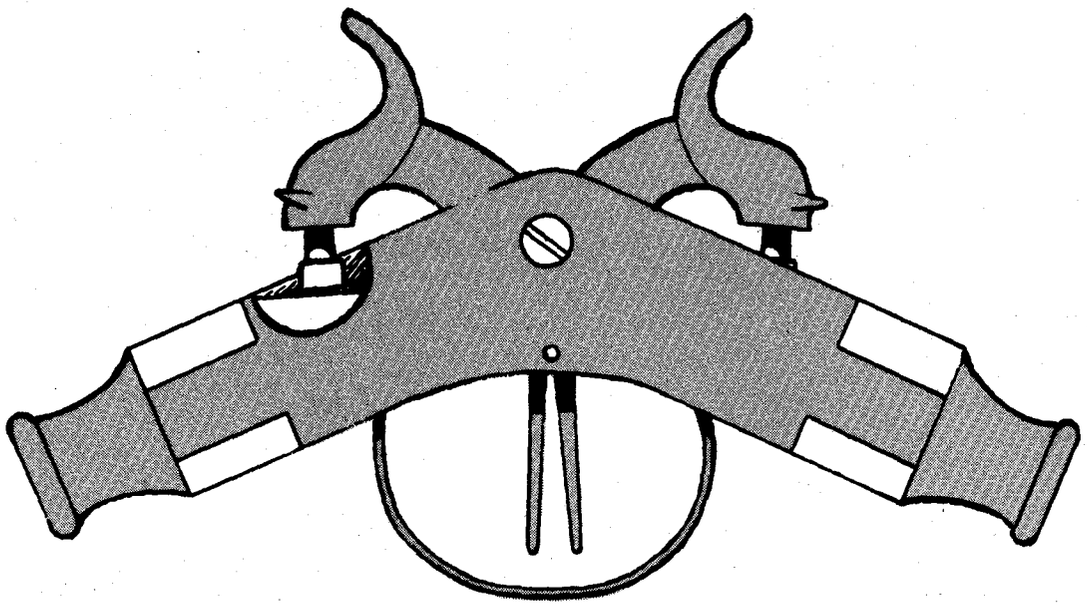
SOME STRANGE PISTOLS WENT WEST



PERCUSSION DOUBLE-ENDER PISTOL

Sketched by author

empty, the metal butt was designed for use as brass knuckles.

There was a whole group of "squeezes" - tiny pistols which were concealed in the palm and with a short barrel which went between the fingers. Squeezing the hand fired most of these. Variations included single-shots and multi-shots — in both revolver and magazine pistol versions. These made great hide-out arms, and some preferred them to conventional derringers.

Alarm guns and trap guns were sometimes needed more in the West than elsewhere. The first type fired a blank charge when a locked door was disturbed, but it could be disconnected so you could go out for the morning milking. The trap gun was a more lethal device, being set to shoot an intruder coming into the home, stock barn or vegetable garden. Often actuated by a trip-wire, some of these swung around and aimed themselves! As the intruder could be a bear or other animal, a trap gun might also help with the family meat supply.

Cane guns did not appeal to the frontiersman, but they did to some of the early California dandies. Both rifles and shotguns were disguised as walking sticks, and some were even provided with detachable shoulder stocks. With formal attire they gave concealed protection, while at other times they became practical firearms for target shooting or even hunting.

Other disguised guns were sometimes carried. A pistol might be built into a freighter's bullwhip, or into a jail guard's massive cell-key. One of the latter is said to have been used at old Yuma Prison, where the desperados of the Southwest were sent.

A smoker's pipe sometimes contained a tiny pistol. And watch out for a large buckle with a hole in the center. It could be a loaded gun aimed right at you and fired by a remote control in the coat pocket.

The ladies might prefer an innocent-looking umbrella with both a revolver and a dagger hidden in the handle. Or a lady's "purse" could contain a pin-fire revolver, fired by a button on the outside.

There were many other oddities among early firearms. In a day when concealment was no crime, the western frontier found use for every one of them. ●**RW**

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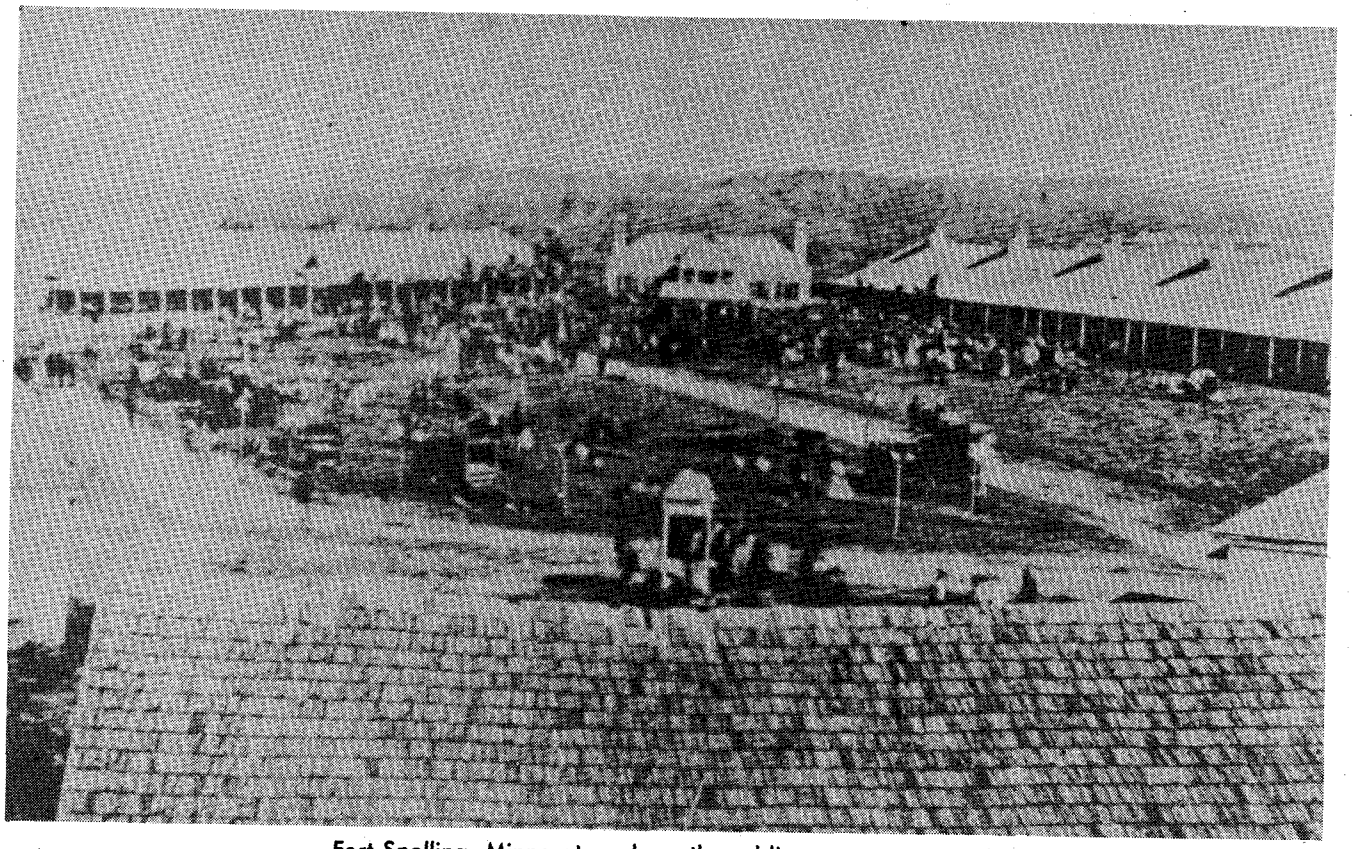

Fort Snelling, Minnesota, where the soldiers were quartered.

THE LAST

By
Gladwell Richardson

On a cold, crisp October noon soldiers on Sugar Point began stacking rifles for the mid-day meal.

Most were recruits who had never seen an Indian, much less fight one. Against orders one had a cartridge in the firing chamber of his Krag-Jorgensen rifle. While stacking his weapon, he carelessly fumbled. The weapon fired accidentally.

The crashing shot still echoed in the surrounding thick timber of the twenty-acre lakeside clearing when about two hundred repeating rifles hurled lead into the soldiers. A few were killed instantly and more were wounded.

The last engagement of U.S. soldiers in a real Indian war began.

Incidents leading up to the bloody encounter began with stupidity on the part of officials and the thieving methods of white men. The one-sided controversy entered the ludicrous, highly publicized stage long before actual shooting began.

The Chippewa Indians, occupying a reservation around scattered lakes in north central Minnesota, had been a very unhappy people for many years. In particular, one band of them known as the Pillagers, living on Bear Island and the eastern shore of Leech Lake, considered themselves particularly abused.

Ruthless white men had been preying on their country since 1889 when they were forced to cede valuable timber

The hero of many Indian campaigns, Captain Melville C. Wilkinson was killed in the Chippewa war.

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and mineral lands to the government. Promised payment in the form of annuities rarely materialized. They were forced to sell fallen timber for some money, and they subsisted on wild rice, berries and by hunting and fishing.

Timber sold to logging contractors for sawmill companies was handled by agents of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Of a million dollars in revenue, $750,000 was paid out by them in salaries and in administrating the operation. Most of the balance was fraudulently frittered away and never came down to them.

These agents also had authority to sell standing dead timber. The sawmill contractors often set fire to the forest in order to obtain more logs cheaply.

The Chippewas protested in vain. Investigators from Washington simply whitewashed the guilty government agents.

By 1898 the whiskey problem became a festering sore to the Chippewas. Peddlers invaded the reservation despite U.S. marshals. Young men were often drunk. A little action was finally taken by the marshals, but they were arrogant and stupid.

They claimed Indian witnesses were necessary to convict whiskey peddlers. But when a Chippewa agreed to testify against a booze peddler, he was mistreated from the beginning. He was taken to court at a distance, paid nothing for expenses, and deliberately turned loose to get home the best way he could.

This treatment caused the Indians to declare that they knew nothing. When those who did were sought, they disappeared into the forest.

What usually happened to an Indian witness against a white man was the sad lot of Bogahmahgeshig. This middle-aged Chippewa, called Bog for short, lived in a good house on Sugar Point. There were smoke and fish drying sheds and a canoe landing on the lake.

An important leader of the Pillagers, Bog had about 200 warriors in his band. He had had some education in a mission school, but on returning to the reservation, he reverted to being a "savage", according to detractory white men.

In dress he was quite a character, wearing lumberjack waist trousers with wide, red suspenders over a red, white and black checkered shirt. Braiding his hair in one coil, worn loose down the back, he adorned it and his head with feathers. He wore a necklace of bear and panther claws, and a tortoise shell rattle fastened to a French voyageur sash around his waist.

Somehow he became involved in a whiskey case as a witness. Catching him on Bear Island, the marshals put on the handcuffs and hustled him as a prisoner-witness to the boat landing.

Suddenly, from the surrounding timber rushed a band of warriors. The marshals were overpowered, and Bog was released on September 15, 1898.

On the next attempt to get him into court the marshals, Indian agent and interpreters employed different tactics. Promises were made that he would be paid all expenses including travel home after his appearance in court. All white witnesses were so reimbursed.

U.S. Bureau of American Ethnology

A Chippewa warrior

On the witness stand Bog did not stick to the story he was instructed to swear to. He was a very convincing, convicting witness, and the marshals were angered about it. They got their revenge, and what happened was reported by the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* and the St. Paul *Globe*, on October 2, 1898:

INDIAN WAR

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"Bogahmahgeshig was taken to Duluth as a witness to give testimony against a white man. He had been assured that his mileage and expenses would be paid.

"When the trial ended he was refused fees and transportation for the return home. Adrift in Duluth penniless, he wandered about the streets for a day or two, being unable to secure money, and was forced to walk all the way from Duluth to Walker.

"He arrived in Walker in a starving condition and was rescued and carried through the illness that followed by sympathizing whites.

"That story is vouched for by people at Walker. The officials claim that there is nothing to it.

"And, we might add in support of this that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs states, 'The whole matter of arrest by deputy marshals has come to be a farce, a fraud, and a handicap to the Chippewa and a disgrace to the community'."

Warrants were outstanding for a score of other Chippewas on one charge or another. Deputy marshals blustered their way into distant places of the reservation and to all the lake islands by boat. Now they could find no Indians at all.

The marshals threatened to arrest entire families near the agency because they were "obstructing justice" by sending word of their coming and withholding information.

Two who penetrated the deep forest north of Otter Point on Leech Lake actually found some Chippewas who told them bluntly, "Some day you come in here and you no go back."

A number of Chippewas worked for the logging contractors who were robbing them. Most were resentful because the pay for those same logs had not come down to the tribe.

Contractors' crews were hampered, roads were blocked, and finally outright threats were made to drive them out of the Chippewa reservation.

After Bog's disgraceful mistreatment, Chippewas began buying new repeating rifles and stocking up with ammunition. Even personal property was sold to acquire a store of arms before agency officials discovered the fact.

When this news became public, fears were expressed that the Chippewas, so long at peace with the white man, were going on the warpath. Missionaries in close touch with the Indians, some living on the reservation, were amused. Chippewas going on raids, murdering and scalping in 1898?

They became blandly sober when some Chippewas informed them that they were going to defend themselves and their land. Belligerent deputy marshals, the only civil officers with authority on their lands, threatened them with wholesale arrests.

Some belligerent federal officers declared that the Chippewas were in a state of insurrection. They were urged into making Indian trouble by the logging contractors. No longer meek, the Chippewas refused to be cowed by civil authorities. When one was caught, he was jailed without a hearing, or he was handed a sentence by the Indian agent who actually had such authority over him.

No actual hostile moves were made. The Chippewas merely kept themselves unavailable to snarling, snapping deputy marshals. Especially were the Pillagers refusing to be served with subpoenas or warrants, or having any dealings with the agency. Most of this obstinate attitude was blamed on Bog.

The greedy logging contractors, planning to denude the forest lands, demanded action. They wanted the Chippewas removed entirely. At this juncture, a warrant was sworn out for Bog's arrest on some fuzzy charge.

The wails of impending lawlessness and danger went through the Bureau of Indian Affairs to the Interior Department, in turn to the Secretary of War.

The Secretary of War supported claims that serious insurrection was threatened. He suggested that a mere handful of troops on the reservation would overawe the belligerents. In his opinion cavalry should be sent.

At this point, no one actually believed that the Chippewa trouble bordered on the fighting stage. But the national press drummed it up as such.

No cavalry being available, 20 soldiers of the 3rd Infantry under command of Lieutenant Chauncer B. Humphrey were dispatched from Fort Snelling. On the same train taking them to Walker was a large contingent of reporters to cover "the war".

One of them wrote, "Lieutenant Humphrey's command is composed of sharpshooters who did effective work before Santiago in the late Cuban War".

Even the actual movement of so few troops stirred that part of Minnesota. At every station stop, crowds were on hand to catch a glimpse of the brave troops going to fight an Indian war.

Bog being the principal target, with the troops went Deputy U.S. Marshal "Colonel" Sheehan and two others. On arrival in Walker, the troops bivouacked in the schoolhouse.

Local citizens laughed at them in derision. What could 20 soldiers do against 200 hostiles gathered around Bog? Instead of overaweing the Chippewas by a show of armed might, the arrival of soldiers would surely aggravate the situation.

The Pillagers were allegedly fortified on Bear Island, 25 miles away across the lake. After assessing the situation, Humprey postponed an immediate attempt to go after them and requested 100 more troops.

The delay by the military enraged U.S. Marshal Richard F. O'Connor. He went to Walker, carrying warrants for those whom he described as "aboriginal desperadoes". On arrival he did not have the guts to go to Bear Island like his deputies. In turn he demanded that reinforcements be sent, and he raised louder the cry of insurrection.

On October 4, eighty soldiers (Company E, 3rd Infantry) left Fort Snelling for Walker. Only nineteen men of this detachment were experienced troops; the rest were raw recruits, most of whom did not yet know how to use the Krag-Jorgensen rifle. Taken along was one Hotchkiss revolving cannon, one Gatling gun and a mere ten days rations. When the war did erupt, the Hotchkiss and Gatling were not used.

With this detachment went Department Commander Brigadier-General John M. Bacon, distinguished Civil War veteran. In actual command of the troops was another Civil War veteran, Captain Melville C. Wilkinson. He had been breveted major for action during the 1878 Bannock Wars in Idaho.

Topical news of the day was the forthcoming Indian war. Again, as in Humphreys' case, the railroad stations were surrounded by crowds to see the soldiers. The entire affair had gone beyond the ludicrous stage that was quickly becoming an inane joke — before the shooting started.

Before the arrival of reinforcements, a messenger was sent to Bear Island *ordering* the Pillagers to appear for a council at the agency on October 3. Promises were made of safe conduct and that none would be arrested.

On the eve of this meeting Humphrey, while darkness enveloped Walker, embarked his

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detail on a small lake steamer. The agency occupied a point probably ten miles airline east. But it was all of thirty by water.

On disembarking his troops before dawn, Humphrey proceeded to have them dig trenches, rifle pits and erect a breastworks.

As day came on and lengthened, no Pillagers appeared. Agency Indians told Humphrey that the wind had raised waves too high for the Bear Islanders' canoes to cross the lake to the agency.

Marshal O'Connor considered himself in command and that he could dictate to Humphrey.

He announced angrily, "Under no circumstances will they be given more time. They have to come in!" He intended to override Humphrey's promise of no arrests and take all into custody who appeared at the agency.

Humphrey was being continually pestered by news reporters for copy. Ill-advisedly, he gave them *his* plan of attacking Bear Island and capturing the Indians.

Said he, "With one hundred men at my disposal I would shell the southern end of Bear Island with a Howitzer to attract them in that direction. I would be in another steamer carrying the majority of the command. Once the Indians were drawn south, I would land this force and throw up entrenchments. The Gatling detail would then proceed to sweep the island, driving all hostiles to the south where they would be captured."

O'Connor now became contemptuous of anything the Pillagers could possibly do. He wasn't, by far, the first federal officer who caused good men to be killed because of his own stupidity.

Taking Indian Bureau Inspector Tinker and two news reporters, he actually proceeded to Bear Island in canoes handled by agency Indians.

Landing on the beach, the group started across the sand inland when the thick, brusky timber rained fifty Pillagers armed with Winchester rifles. While the party quavered in their shoes, the Indians ran up close, facing them in a curved line.

On halting, every one raised his left hand high as though the act had been rehearsed and they shouted loudly, "How!"

Out of the bunch Bog advanced. He told O'Connor that none of them would submit to arrest.

"All of them you want are right here," he informed the marshal. "But like me, I die before I am put in the white man's jail!"

There was nothing O'Connor could do but retire in a seething rage, the Pillagers' jeers ringing in his ears.

The reinforcements arrived the night of the 4th, remaining aboard the railroad cars. At 3 A.M. on the morning of the fifth, they were embarked in two steam tugs, the *Flora* and *Chief*. With them went O'Connor, deputy Sheehan and two others, and the inevitable news reporters. The war must be covered!

Humphrey and his detachment remained at the agency. The tugs headed for Sugar Point where intelligence reports said that Bog had retreated to.

On arriving at Bog's landing, Bacon, Wilkinson, O'Connor and his three deputies, the news reporters and sixty soldiers went ashore. Lieutenant Rose remained behind with twenty soldiers to guard the steam launch and the tugs.

Advance scouts found Bog's log house in the center of the clearing empty. Only silence drifted over the scene enclosed by water on one side and thick green forest on the other.

Details were sent, scouting along the narrow trails cut through the forest. Many cabins and bark covered huts of the Chippewas were found. There were no Indians anywhere, and all belongings had been removed from the homes.

As midday approached, the several search parties returned to the clearing. As the last one came in, Sergeant Thomas Kelly ordered the soldiers to stack their arms in a garden patch.

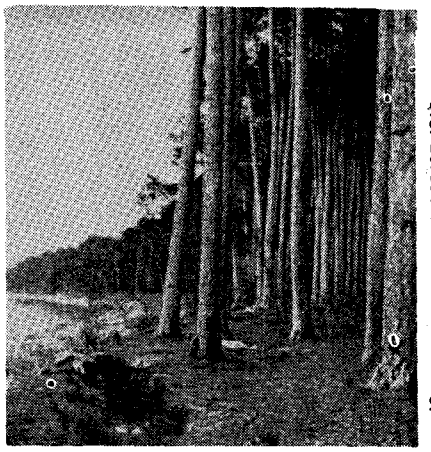
It was then that the recruit's rifle went off with an echoing crash.

Almost instantly, a chorus of yells roared from the forest screen. The Chippewas had been there all the time and thought they were being fired on. Then came the rain of bullets from cover on three sides. Only the old soldiers did not panic as men fell dead and wounded around them. All grabbed a rifle and hit the ground, seeking cover.

In the first volley from the Chippewas, privates Lowe, Ziebel, Onstead, Swallenstocker and Sergeant Butler were killed. Ten soldiers were wounded. Wilkinson was struck in the left arm and, a few minutes later, rolled over on the ground with a fatal wound.

"They got me this time," he mumbled and died.

Casualties in the clearing would have been greater except that some of the Chippewas were shooting at the tugs. Several aboard were wounded while Lieutenant Ross and his



U.S. Bureau of American Ethnology

The same lake shore line typical of Sugar Point where the soldiers were ambushed.

soldiers tried to provide a covering fire over the clearing.

After the exchange of gunfire settled down to a stalemate, Lieutenant Ross filled the steam launch with soldiers to reinforce those ashore. Among them were Dr. Andrew Harris and Hospital Corps private Oscar Buckhard.

The steam launch drew immediate fire but made it to the landing without suffering casualties. Under cover there, all got ashore. But racing towards the grounded detachment, some were wounded.

Despite being under constant heavy fire, soldiers were digging trenches on the west and north sides of the clearing, with Bog's house in the center. Rifle pits were dug on the east.

The reinforcements were not sufficient to turn the tide against the Chippewas. But with entrenchments completed, they had cover and fired only when it was possible to bring an Indian down.

The Chippewas, after the first two hours, slacked off their fire to that of snipers high in tree tops. They kept sending bullets into the clearing all afternoon.

Buckhard wanted to get in the battle, but he and Dr. Harris had to care for the wounded first. They were taken inside Bog's log house but, they were safe from bullets only when they were lying flat below the first two logs. Snipers continually knocked out chinking in the walls, trying to reach those inside.

When the wounded were cared for, Burkhard returned to the firing line. He took part in searching out and firing at Indians until another soldier fell with a bullet in him. Leaving the trenches, the big hospital corpsman ran crookedly to get to the wounded soldier, picked him up in his arms and sped in the same zig-zag fashion for the house.

Doing this all afternoon between

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periods in the firing line, Burkhard saved a number of soldiers' lives by getting them to Dr. Harris who much preferred remaining a non-combatant. For his bravery and work that afternoon and night Burkhard was awarded the coveted Medal of Honor on his return to Fort Snelling.

Now that the battle was joined, bloody fighting being a reality, O'Connor chose to run. On the excuse that he was going for reinforcements, he had the *Flora* take him south to the agency.

Arrogantly, he ordered Humphrey to embark his detail and head for the battleground. Humphrey's reply was that he had been ordered to remain where he was no matter what happened. Besides, had General Bacon wanted him up there, he would have dispatched written orders. Actually, Humphrey was on his own; any move he made was strictly according to personal judgment.

After the departure of the *Flora,* the *Chief* steamed to Walker carrying news reporters. It was they who got the first word to the outside that a battle with the Chippewas was going on. Conditioned for a comic-opera war, the terrible news produced an hysterical situation.

Logging contractors on the Chippewa Reservation abandoned their camps in panic. Confusion struck the towns around the reservation. Women and children were sent into strongholds for safety. Others saw painted, G-stringed and heavily armed Indians everywhere in the forests. Settlers could smell the brimstone and blood of murderous raids.

Meanwhile, on the battlefield General Bacon, for some reason attired in civilian clothes, was everywhere on the belabored field of action. Practically none of the soldiers recognized him as a general.

Once, when he got in the way of Burkhard running with a wounded soldier to the dressing station, he was told, "Get the hell out of here! You want to get killed, you damn fool?"

After Wilkinson was killed, General Bacon said to Kelly, "Sergeant, take charge of the firing line!"

Seeing only a civilian, Kelly retorted, "Who the hell are you to be giving orders around here?"

When General Bacon identified himself, Kelly replied, "Sir, Lieutenant Ross is here and *alive."*

General Bacon then commanded, "Sergeant, take charge of the right of the line!"

Kelly had been everywhere — in the trenches, behind the breastworks, at the rifle pits, wherever he was needed at a weak point. This had not gone unnoticed by the appreciative General Bacon.

As night drew down, a frontal charge was anticipated. The dark wall of the near forest took on a sinister aspect. It could rain Chippewas enough to overrun the defense at every point.

Secure under cover as they were, the Chippewas contented themselves with shooting at anything moving out in the starlit clearing. Bog later said that they had no intention of making a charge. The soldiers' fire would cost them heavily in lives. He didn't think the battle should be carried to a massacre. So far, no Indians had been killed. The only casualties ever admitted were three wounded.

Sniper fire continued during the morning of the 6th, preventing the soldiers from cooking anything to eat. Then at noon no shots came from the forest. Shortly it was discovered that the Chippewas were gone. Undoubtedly, the crafty Bog realized that many more soldiers than they had cooped up on Sugar Point were rushing towards the battleground.

Continuing on the alert with advance posts in the forest edge, bacon was cooked and coffee boiled. With hardtack this was the soldiers' first meal since the morning of the 5th.

On the 6th a relief expedition of the 3rd Infantry, five officers and 209 soldiers, arrived at Walker. Crossing an arm of the lake, they camped with Humphrey at the agency. Meanwhile Walker had filled up with armed civilians from many towns and members of the Brainerd Gun Club. Excitement reigned high, and plenty of courage was poured from bottles. The civilians and the Gun Club were Indian fighters going to end the Chippewa War forthwith.

The next day the steamer *Leila D.* took on board the relief force of two county sheriffs and the Gun Club. The *Chief,* towing a barge behind the steamer, ran onto a rock. The *Leila D.,* gunwales barricaded with bales of hay, reached Sugar Point, anchoring with bow pointed at the shore.

But the last really big Indian war in which army troops were engaged was over. The Pillagers were gone for good, letting the army have Sugar Point uncontested.

General Bacon, Ross and Sergeant Kelley came aboard with the other soldiers, bringing their dead and wounded.

None of the relief force and the Gun Club needed to go ashore. Members of the Gun Club seemed to be in a far too jovial, holiday mood. Becoming suspicious of them, Burkhard, after the *Leila D.* got under way for the agency, snooped around. Finding a demijohn full of red whiskey, he decided it would be just the thing for the wounded, and he doled it out.

When Humphrey first reported to Fort Snelling that more troops would be necessary, other detachments had been sent out. In small units they were posted as guards at strategic points around the reservation: in the towns, at dams and along the railroads.

Minnesota had never forgotten or recovered from the great Sioux War of 1861-1862. Any Indian scare sent the state into panic. The militia and volunteer groups were formed to help put down feared Chippewa raids.

All in all, the scare-head newspaper stories appeared even more inane when the great war dissolved into nothing at Sugar Point.

The commissioner of Indian Affairs personally took a hand. Going to Bear Island on October 21, he held a council with the Pillagers. On his assurance that the marshals who had given them so much trouble would not take charge of them, those for whom warrants were out surrendered — that is all but Bog.

By the first week in November, all troops were withdrawn and returned to their barracks at Fort Snelling.

Bog remained in the forest and on Bear Island all that winter. Finally, in late spring he began appearing in the adjacent towns and villages. The whites there had no quarrel with him or the Chippewas and let him alone.

His personal appearance was almost the same as formerly, except that now he wore a new necklace. It was a double row of empty Krag-Jorgensen cartridges picked up in the clearing long after the fight ended.

Although not all to their complete satisfaction, most of the Chippewas' grievances were adjusted. Injustices were righted as far as possible, and after a thorough investigation, their logging money was set up under a new system. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

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BUFFALO SKINNERS

(continued from page 30)

Northwest learned and popularized the song which we know as "The Buffalo Skinners". Someone connected with the beef industry — perhaps an ex-skinner — may afterwards have put new words reflecting a wage dispute on a cattle range. In fact, one version collected by J. Evetts Haley for the Texas Folklore Society, entitled "The Hills of Mexico," reads like this:

"I found myself in Griffin (Ft. Griffin, Texas) in the spring of eighty-three,
When a noted cow driver one morning came up to me,
How do, young fellow, how'd you like to go
And spend one summer pleasantly out in New Mexico?

The summer season ended, the driver would not pay,
The outfit was so extravagant he was in debt today.
That's bankrupt law among the cowboys; Christ, this will never do.
That's why we left his bones to bleach out in New Mexico."

Note the sharp similarities between this song and the versions of "The Buffalo Skinners" mentioned by these co-authors. Resemblances are so marked that the boss accuses the workers of being "extravagant", then winds up slain by them — and down to the final stanza:

"So now we'll cross old Boggy Creek and homeward we are bound.
No more in this cursed country will ever we be found.
Go home to our wives and sweethearts, tell others not to go
To that God forsaken country called New Mexico."

Still another version of "The Buffalo Skinners" begins "Come all you jolly cowboys" while dealing with Crego and his buffalo men. This specimen, the Lomax one previously cited, is almost substantive proof that cowhands kept the ballad "going" in the West.

Various people are credited with the authorship of the song, including a hunter called Buffalo Jack. By implication, though this is only guess, Jack could have been the man who wrote John A Lomax claiming to have helped kill Crego. This letter, mentioned by Wayne Gard, says that:

"On the way back to Jacksboro, one of the beguiled skinners started a song about the trip and hard times and Crego and we all set in to help him. Before we got back to Jacksboro we had shaped it and the whole crowd could sing it."

For whatever this story may be worth, all of the crowd would likely have known that familiar old tune "Canada-I-O", since that is the same tune as the one of "The Buffalo Skinners". Buffalo Jack might have been referring indirectly to himself as the man who "started the song". That other skinners helped him with the stanzas would not have been improbable. In the same group fashion likely arose many verses of that so-called cowboy anthem "The Old Chisholm Trail".

A Tennessee-born Texan and purported ex-buffalo hunter, Idmeya Freeman, would come up with a pretty good version of "The Buffalo Skinners" during 1941. We agree with the Fifes, however, that his claim to original authorship is highly questionable. At age 84 he might have deluded himself into believing that he was the writer. His story seems to have been a very ingenious one.

According to Freeman, he had skinned buffalo for an honest hunter named James Ennis, of whom there is historical record. Dobie wrote:

"Freeman said he made up the song little by little while at work on the buffalo range, not writing it down 'keeping it in my head. 1873 was chosen to rhyme with me.'" By '77 the Kiowas and Comanches had surrendered, so Freeman said he put in the line about their being 'ready to pick us off' in memory of the old days. 'In the song I made out that Ennis was trying to beat us out of our pay just as a joke on him. He was fair and square and we all liked him.'"

The song he'd probably "kept in his head" all those years was likely "Tennessee-I-O," learned back in his native state but adapted for his own version of "The Buffalo Skinners". And the tune was still that familiar one, "Canada-I-O," which he could not have composed.

In earlier years, of course, it was acceptable to use an old tune for a new song. No one thought anything about it. This had been common usage in writing national anthems — our "Star Spangled Banner" was set to the tune of an old British drinking song. Church hymns sometimes turned up with music adapted from popular songs. Additionally, "songs of the people" were freely used or adapted by many classical composers, including Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms.

Another still unresolved question: Who was "Crego", the hardcase boss damned in "The Buffalo Skinners"? Who supplied this name, and why? The excellent Jack County Historical Society at Jacksboro has no record of anybody bearing such a name.

As a starter on this mystery, we might remember that the song is also written with the following names instead of "Crego": Trege, Gregor, Creger, Crigor, Kehoe, Crago, Craig, Ennis (Freeman's spoof), and Griego (which is Spanish for "Greek" and was used by cowboys in the Southwest to describe Mexicans.

Surnames seem of secondary importance. What counts is the historical importance of the song to the buffalo epic. No wonder that the learned Professor Kittredge would call it the foremost ballad to come out of the American West.

By our research, six-beat versions of the song were prevalent in the Northeast. More four-beat versions were found in the Southwestern states where Mexican influence was reflected in the guitar and its techniques.

Dobie's notation of the song as sung by Freeman was in six-eight meter — reflecting the singer's earlier Tennessee influence — and is also the only known one sung in the unlikely key of B-flat, suggesting that the aged ex-buffalo man sang it unaccompanied, with no instrument to "pitch the tune."

Carl Sandburg used the key of C, four-four meter, for the version published in his *American Song Bag* during 1927. John and Alan Lomax had this same sort of presentation in their *American Ballads and Folk Songs* (1934). Kathy Dagel, a talented folksinger of the Kansas Folklore Society, sang the ballad in this manner before her death in 1934.

The music of Miss Dagel's version is similar to that utilized by Ethel and Chauncey Moore in their *Ballads and Folk Songs of the Southwest* (O.U. Press, 1966). Their "Buffalo Skinners" was collected from a Norman, Oklahoma, singer.

B.A. Botkin, a former Oklahoman, has the song in the key of D in his

(continued on page 62)

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JENNIE ROGERS VS. MATTIE SILKS

(continued from page 23)

young man who was now scared out of his wits. They went directly to the spot where the skull was buried and in a few minutes unearthed it! They claimed that it belonged to the former wife of the boy and that they had the goods on him, proof that he had murdered his first wife! The chief produced an ugly looking gun and, pointing it at the boy, ordered him to confess.

Of course the boy was convinced that he was talking with bona fide law officers and was terrified. Actually, there was no evidence whatsoever as to what had become of the missing wife. Forbes Parkhill in his *Wildest of the West* wrote that the wife had probably grown tired of the rigors of life on the Colorado frontier and had returned home. There she might have gotten a divorce, but there was no record of her death nor of a divorce in Denver.

The young man knew that he was innocent of the charges the pseudo-officers made against him, but he knew not which way to turn. He feared that he would be tried for murder, and even if he was acquitted, he knew that the scandal would forever ruin his political career and social standing in Denver. He began to beg, suggesting that surely there must be a way to resolve the matter.

The chief kindly assured him and said that a prominent madam on Market Street by the name of Jennie Rogers had a great need at the time of a new house in which to conduct her "profession". "Now," coaxed the chief in honeyed words, "if you can see fit to take care of that little matter, I reckon we could forget all about this and let the past be buried. No one would ever need to know of that skull we found in your back yard. And both you and Jennie would be happy."

The boy was all too eager to comply with the chief's request. He gladly shelled out $17,000, the amount Jennie estimated it would take to accomplish her goal. So Jennie took the money and bought a house at 1942 Market Street, and when she had finished remodeling it, she had indeed a much finer house than Mattie Silks, the long undisputed queen of Denver's Red Light District.

It was in September that Jennie bought the Minnie Clifford plush property of the above address under her real name. She paid $12,000 for it with the blackmail money and then hired a contractor to make extensive improvements. When he finished, she refused to make her final payment to him. Furious, he threatened to sue her. Jennie laughed in his face and told him that no judge or jury would ever find her guilty of anything. Evidently he believed her as he did not sue, and Jennie went merrily on her way and never paid him.

Then Jennie hired an architect to do more remodeling. He was William Quale, quite famous in his day and time. He had designed the West Denver High School, the First Congregational Church and a number of mansions and business buildings in the mountain city. Jennie intended to do the house in the finest style in order to put Mattie way behind.

Forbes Parkhill wrote, "Whether Jennie Rogers' impish sense of humor inspired the telling of the fantastic blackmail story in stone or whether Quale, aware of the whispering campaign, took it upon himself no one knows." But the blackmail story was surely told in stone on the facade of the plush "boarding house" of Jennie Rogers for all of Denver to see, for above the second story the facade had five faces in rose stone! Rumor was rampart that these faces represented the five characters in the case.

The flamboyant Jennie held top honors at the peak of the facade. Lower down was the face of a man with luxurious whiskers. This was to represent the victim of the scheme, the poor young man who had to pay for Jennie's mansion. Next to him was supposed to be the face of his wealthy, second wife. Then came the face of the first wife who had disappeared under mysterious circumstances and who was supposed to have been murdered according to the crooked chief of police who had hatched the blackmail scheme. Next came the sorrowful countenance of the man who was the executive of the contracting company and who had lost both his job and his wife at one fell swoop. All of Denver chuckled over the art.

Jennie had an ornate design in rose stone for her doorpost, and on it was carved a horseshoe in lotus leaves. The first floor level exterior was equally ornate, bearing friezes of various designs. Beyond a doubt, Jennie had put Mattie Silks in the shade, for her house was far more elaborate than the palatial house that Mattie ran.

Jennie went all out with never a thought about money, since she was not furnishing the said commodity and found that the cost of remodeling her place ran more than she had estimated. She was $800 short. She told her lover, and back to the blackmail victim went the chief and back he came with the money which he handed to Jennie. The victim had paid the additional demands of the chief and Jennie had her house. The outside presented a palatial appearance, but the inside was even more elaborate. The reception hall was indeed something to behold, and even though Mattie Silks had an elaborate house, it paled into insignificance when compared to that which Jennie, with the blackmail money and a famous architect, had wrought. It was indeed a "fancy" house.

Inside, Jennie had a parlor which she called the parlor of mirrors. Even the ceilings were covered with mirrors as were the four walls. An elaborate and ornate crystal chandelier furnished the light for this parlor. On the floors were the finest of oriental rugs, and the furniture was heavy and ornate and — expensive. A huge, plate glass window gave a view of the street, and in one corner a baby grand piano of bird's eye maple dominated the scene. What a ball a modern collector of antiques could have had at Jennie's "house". The parlors were adjacent to a ballroom wherein stood another impressive baby grand piano. Arranged along the walls for the guests and boarders were gold chairs.

It is interesting to note that Forbes Parkhill, the famous historian and writer, acquired the 300-pound block of stone carved in the likeness of the blackmail victim who made the palatial, plush parlor house of Jennie Rogers possible, and he gave it to the famous Denver Posse of the Westerners.

The dining room where the boarders ate was behind the big parlor. Next was a kitchen where the meals were cooked, and underneath this room was a wine cellar where the finest of vintages were stored. For a price Jennie served these gourmet wines to her guests.

The rooms where the "boarders" got down to "business" were on the second floor. There they took in the money.

All the windows were barred, as all the top madams kept large sums of money and many jewels in their safes.

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These bars also prevented the gals from cheating behind the backs of the madams by slipping customers to their rooms via the windows. Said customer could crawl across the roof tops and come through the girls' windows unknown to the madams unless the windows were barred.

And so it came to pass, with a great deal of hanky-panky it must be said, that the willowy Jennie had the finest parlor house in all of Denver. But she was still not content with her superb mansion. She wanted more space, so she leased the adjacent building at 1946 Market Street and had a doorway cut out between the two houses thus connecting them. This house was furnished in the fashion of a Turkish harem.

Something must have gone wrong between Jennie and her lover, the St. Louis police chief, for he soon stopped his trips to see her and was seen no more on Market Street. But Jennie did not seem to grieve, for she became smitten with a bartender who worked at the Brown Palace Hotel. In fact, so smitten did she become that she set him up in his own saloon in Salt Lake City.

They were very lovey-dovey and visited back and forth until one day Jennie dropped in on him without telling him she was coming. But it turned out that it was Jennie who was surprised, as she found him with another woman! Furiously, the hot-tempered Jennie drew the pistol she always carried and shot him in the arm. When the police came to investigate the matter, an officer asked her why she shot her lover, one Jack Wood by name; she cried, "because I love him, damn him."

Jennie cleared herself with the Salt Lake City police as her lover refused to file charges. He was not seriously wounded. Jennie hied herself back to Denver, turned her mind to business and sought to forget her unfaithful lover.

Two years passed and then Jennie became reconciled with Jack Wood.. Soon after the shooting, Jack moved to Omaha, Nebraska. For two years Jennie heard not a word from him or of him. Then a mutual friend of Jennie's and Jacks visited Omaha and ran into Jack in his saloon. This man wrote the details for Fred Mazzulla, famous writer, historian and lawyer of Denver. Jack's partner in the saloon told the mutual friend that Jack still loved Jennie. When the friend returned to Denver, he paid a visit to Jennie's house on Market Street. He asked Jennie to write to her lover.

At first she refused to do this, fearing that Jack would not answer. The friend bet her a Daniels and Fisher hat against a sealskin cap at Webber and Owens. Jennie evidently wrote, for she and Jack resumed their friendship. One day, six or seven months later, Jack showed in Denver and went to see the mutual friend and asked him to stand up for his and Jennie's wedding. And so Jack and Jennie were married on August 13, 1889. Although Jack retained his business in Omaha, the two visited back and forth until Jack's death in 1896. Evidently, Jack walked the straight and narrow after the wedding, for the fiery Jennie never shot at him again.

Although Mattie Silks and Jennie were bitter rivals, one time they combined forces to make the city fathers of Denver the laughing stock of the town. The decent ladies of the city brought pressure to bear on the city officials, and said officials passed an ordinance that all "public women" wear a yellow arm band as a symbol of their "profession." That's when Jennie and Mattie teamed up with a wham to make monkeys out of the city authorities.

Instead of having their "boarders" wear just ribbons on their arms, they got their "soiled doves" complete wardrobes of yellow, consisting of yellow dresses, yellow gloves, yellow parasols, yellow hats and golden shoes. Of course, it cost the madams a goodly sum, but it was worth it to Jennie and Mattie. The gals, parading in their bright attire, stirred up so much attention and caused so much public mirth and so many people kidded the city dads that the ordinance was hastily repealed. Jennie and Mattie had won the match, much to their glee.

In October of 1901 Jennie secretly married an Archie T. Fitzgerald at Hot Springs, Arkansas. Fitzgerald was a prominent politician from Chicago.

Four years after her marriage to Fitzgerald, Jennie took seriously ill with Bright's disease. A Dr. Hugh Taylor was hastily called to her bedside. He immediately saw that her case was hopeless and told her bluntly that she had but a few days to live. She made a will on the spot, leaving all her estate to her kin back in Pennsylvania (where she was born) and Ohio. Another madam, a friend of Jennie's, was called in to witness the will. Dr. Taylor also witnessed it.

No nurse was available as none would dare attend a patient on notorious Market Street. Dr. Taylor made arrangements for Jennie to be taken to a hospital to spend the few days she had left on earth. She died a few days after arriving there, on October 19, 1909.

When Jennie's will was probated, Dr. Taylor was called to testify that he witnessed the document. He made mention that he was on Market Street in his professional capacity.

Archie Fitzgerald, Jennie's husband, came from Chicago as soon as he heard of her death and showed his marriage license to prove that he was her legal husband. He claimed half of Jennie's estate. When same estate was finally settled, a bill from a Harry Burlew, a "private eye", came to light. It was for services rendered in the shadowing of Archie Fitzgerald! Archie received, with the permission of Jennie's other heirs, $5000, a diamond ring and all the letters he had written to Jennie.

When Jennie passed away, Mattie Silks was still going strong. In 1907, two years before the death of Jennie, she had moved to a larger house at 1922 Market Street after leasing her house at 1916 Market Street to another madam. Two years after the death of the woman who had made her take a back seat in the Denver Red Light District, namely Jennie Rogers, Mattie bought the famed House of Mirrors.

The queen was dead and Mattie, now the top dog on Market street, wore the crown which had been wrested from her. She had the name "M. Silks" inlaid in tile on the doorstep. She never intended to be outdone again, and she never was, though her reign was short, for Market Street was closed down by the authorities in 1915. And closed it remained. The old days were gone forever. Shortly after the closing of the district, Mattie sold the House of Mirrors at auction and reluctantly retired from the "business".

Fred and Jo Mazzulla, historians and writers of Denver who have a vast and fabulous collection of items of Western Americana both great and small, acquired the inlaid tile doorstep of Mattie Silks, and it reposes in one of their garages today.

Ten years after the House of Mirrors was sold, it was purchased by the Buddhist Church. Today in the age of Space it serves as a warehouse!

And so ends the story of the lovely and vivacious Jennie and her House of Mirrors. She was indeed a part of the west when it was young and rip-roaring, and she contributed to the history of the frontier according to her special "talents" and abilities.

●RW

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COUNTESS IN EXILE

(continued from page 17)

One day Lola rode over to the town of Rough and Ready to visit Jennie. Jennie supposedly had retired from gambling when she sold Lola the house. Yet, when they sat down for a sociable game of cards, rough and ready men began to drift in. Each settled down into the game, and all seemed quite familiar to the hostess, above and beyond being patrons of a card game. Then it dawned on Lola that Jennie was now the boss of a gang of highway robbers, so Lola beat a hasty retreat.

With each day, her marriage to Pat became more and more shaky. A return trip to San Francisco especially strained their relations. One of the reasons for going was so that Lola could acquire furniture for their home, and some of this furniture was to be from her old palace in Munich. She had written King Ludwig to ship it to San Francisco. Among the furniture was a love seat and an infamous bed in the shape of a swan.

The trip was a disaster from the start. The stagecoach to Sacramento was overcrowded. Children had to sit in the passengers' laps. One of them ever afterwards remembered the warm, kindly, nice smelling, pretty lady who held her. On the way, the stagecoach overturned when one of the wheels struck a tree stump.

At Sacramento they took a steamboat to San Francisco — and the boat was rammed by another boat that didn't even stop. Lola was highly praised for her heroism in helping rescue passengers from the sinking vessel.

Hull was becoming more and more afflicted with alcoholism. While Lola was off buying elegant furniture, Pat soon rounded up his old political and newspaper colleagues and was out drinking again.

To Pat's dismay, Lola chased him right into his drinking haunts. She even smoked cigars publicly in these places. This not only cramped his drinking but humiliated him gravely since women were never allowed in saloons back in those Victorian days. She was shaming him, he correctly surmised. He told her that she was acting like a tramp.

She acquired another bear in San Francisco. As with her bear in Grass Valley, she insisted on taking it with her everywhere. When the couple was invited to dinner at a very fashionable restaurant, she took the little cinnamon bear cub with her there, too. The bear fell asleep under the table and stayed there through most of the dinner. But near the end of dinner, it woke up and darted across the floor. A waiter dropped his tray in fright. Other patrons became terrified. They thought the bear had attacked the waiter and might attack them, too. They jumped up and ran from the restaurant. Poor Pat said he had never been so humiliated.

Back in Grass Valley, the cinnamon bear broke the next to last straw of the marriage. One afternoon it nipped Pat on the ankle. In rage Pat grabbed the pistol Lola had won from the bandit and shot the bear dead.

The final breakup came in a hotel in Marysville. Out of nowhere appeared an agent of the Bavarian government to tell Lola that the queen was dead. When the agent gave Lola a comb with royal crown as a mark of Ludwig's affection and said that the deposed king would be pleased if she now joined him, Pat became violently furious.

In anger Lola threw all of his clothes out of the hotel window. Pat tried to hit her. She shoved him down the stairs.

Hull walked out of her life and filed for divorce. For her own part, Lola never mentioned him again.

Pat Hull's stormy departure now left Lola free to hold court in Grass Valley as a countess in exile.

Though a small mining town of only 1,600 people, Grass Valley did have a high degree of culture and sophistication. Many of the residents were Frenchmen or courtly Southerners, well familiar with culture and elegance.

As on the continent, she showed a unique ability to attract the great and famous or the soon-to-be great and famous. One of her first friends in San Francisco, of course, had been the Governor of California.

Many of the accounts of her adventures in Grass Valley were written by Alonzo Delano, a local author belonging to the same family as President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Alonzo Delano also wrote poems about her.

Her Grass Valley court was frequented by two lawyers named Stephen J. Field and William Stewart. Field was later appointed to the U. S. Supreme Court by President Abraham Lincoln. Stewart became U.S. Senator from Nevada, author of the 15th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, and he hired Mark Twain as his secretary.

Two nephews of Victor Hugo were in constant attendance at Lola's court. Visitors included Edwin Booth, the great Shakespearean actor whose brother shot Lincoln; Laura Keene, the actress who was performing in Ford's Theater the night Lincoln was shot; Preston Brooks, who, as a South Carolina Congressman, achieved lasting fame for beating Lola's admirer Sen. Charles Sumner (R-Mass.) over the head with a cane on the floor of the Senate; and violinist Ole Bull.

Brilliant conversation flowed with the champagne. Lola wore the jewels and gowns given her by King Ludwig. She spent at least $5,000 on improvements to make her home an exquisite little chalet. Small-pane French windows replaced the old plain windows. A marble fireplace was installed. Empire wallpaper now covered the bare walls. She even installed a bathtub, which created a sensation and a minor scandal.

Baron Adler built a wine cellar and a home for her growing collection of wild animals behind her home. Lola lavished special attention on planting trees and shrubs all around her home. These have now virtually hidden the house.

Alexandre Dumas said after their romance: "She has an evil eye. She will bring bad luck to every man who links his destiny with hers." The baron's turn was next.

Perhaps saddened because she may have shown signs of growing tired of him, Baron Adler shot and killed himself while out hunting. It was never determined if the baron's death was suicide or an accident, but remembering former tragic romances, Lola wondered if her loves were truly star-crossed.

After the baron's death, she began going on wild rides at night through the woods, like a haunted spirit in the Black Forest.

She had always been interested in the occult. Now spiritualists and Ouija Board "experts" came to call on her. She spent long hours trying to communicate with the ghost of her slain Parisian lover. She spent nights pondering the sky, saying she was trying to seek out her Parisian

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lover's private star where his soul lived.

Meanwhile, her best friend in Grass Valley was a Mrs. Mary Ann Crabtree, owner of a nearby boarding house. Mrs. Crabtree had a small daughter, Lotta. The little girl came to stop regularly at Lola's house on her way home from school. She was enchanted by Lola's dancing costumes.

Lola taught the little girl to dance the "Highland Fling" and the "Sailor's Hornpipe". The little girl learned everything immediately. Lola was amazed at the natural talent of the little redhaired girl.

Their friendship not only brought out Lotta Crabtree's amazing talent, but also revealed a unique and hitherto untapped talent of Lola Montez — being an outstanding and inspiring teacher.

During her travels around the Mother Lode area, Lola often took Lotta with her . When they stopped at Rough and Ready to have a new shoe put on the horse, the blacksmith, W.H. Fippen, amused the little girl by showing how he could play musical notes on the anvil. He lifted the little girl onto the anvil. Lo and behold, she amazed and then delighted all by dancing on the anvil to Fippen's music. The onlookers cheered enthusiastically, and soon Lotta's own dancing career was launched. Lotta soon went on to become a legend in her own right. Even the anvil became a showpiece.

Lola's court and her past notoriety naturally didn't endear her to stuffy, respectable people in Victorian-era Grass Valley. The local Methodist minister took a dim view of stories he had heard, all spiteful and malicious, that she danced in the nude at her parties. He denounced her and what he called her "wanton circle" from the pulpit. He called her a "shameless devil in the guise of a beautiful and fascinating dancer."

In reply, she put on her Spider Dance costume, covered it with a cape, and trotted over to the minister's home. The minister was flabbergasted when he saw her standing on his porch. He was even more stunned when she threw off her cape and stood before him in her costume.

"Well, Mr. Wilson," she demanded, "how much of a devil am I?"

The minister humbly had to admit that he was wrong. The Costume was very modest. She was even more respectably dressed in the Spider Dance costume than many respectable women in Victorian evening gowns. Rev. Wilson and his wife invited Lola in. Graciously showing that she bore him no grudge, Lola even sent a contribution to his church.

One part of her past life that she had earnestly tried to put away when she came to Grass Valley had been her riding whip. She was often known in Europe as "The Lady With The Whip" because of her reputation for horse-whipping men who angered her. But one vain and arrogant newspaper editor found to his sorrow that her whip, like a dormant volcano, was only resting.

Henry Shipley, the editor of the *Grass Valley Telegraph,* was pretty much of a bully. When Lola's black houseboy tried to make a purchase for Lola in a store, Shipley shoved the boy aside and called him a "damned nigger". The boy came running to Lola in tears.

Lola seized her whip. She set out full steam for the store with the boy in tow. When heard Lola was coming, Shipley took off running. Lola marched into the store, looking defiance. She stood by with her whip as the boy made his purchases.

Shipley sought to retaliate through his newspaper. He wrote that the *New York Times* described Queen Christine of Spain as living in "Lola Montez-like insolence and barefaced hypocrisy."

With Shipley's newspaper in one hand and the whip in the other, Lola came charging uptown. She sailed into Shipely when she met him on the street.

"You vile man! You coward!" she cried, wrapping the whip around his face.

Shipley tried to escape, but she danced around him with whip cracking as if back on the stage. The heavy-handed boor couldn't shake off the lithe dancer. He broke and ran into a saloon. She ran in after him. Shipley hid behind the bar. Lola then broke the whip in two, threw it on the floor, bought everyone a drink, and stamped out victorious.

Shamed by a woman, Shipley resigned his editorship and moved away. Later, still haunted by the episode, he committed suicide.

These alarms and excursions only served to show that she couldn't give up the glamor and excitement of the old days.

In time the urge to return to the world became too much for her. It probably was helped by the playing out of her mining investments. It was encouraged by her newest lover, Augustus Noel Follin. Follin was cashier and talent booking agent at the local theater. He wanted to be her manager.

Together, they set out for a tour of Australia. She hoped it would become a worldwide tour.

Unfortunately, Grass Valley was to be the last moment of happiness in her champagne-like life. The tour of Australia turned out to be a disaster. On the way back to San Francisco, Follin fell off the ship and drowned.

Lola did return to Grass Valley, but now the charm was gone. She sold her house and left for good. From then on, her life tobogganed downward.

She finally did marry King Ludwig, but he gave her syphilis. She then turned to lecturing on women's liberation, how women can attract men, and her past adventures.

In her last years, she took up with religious fanatics who bilked her out of her money and left her to die in poverty. Her grave in a drab and dreary Brooklyn cemetery bears her real name, "Eliza Gilbert".

Her legacy was a legend equal to that of Cleopatra or Helen of Troy. Others came to California to seek gold. Lola Montez left the gold of legend behind her. ●**RW**

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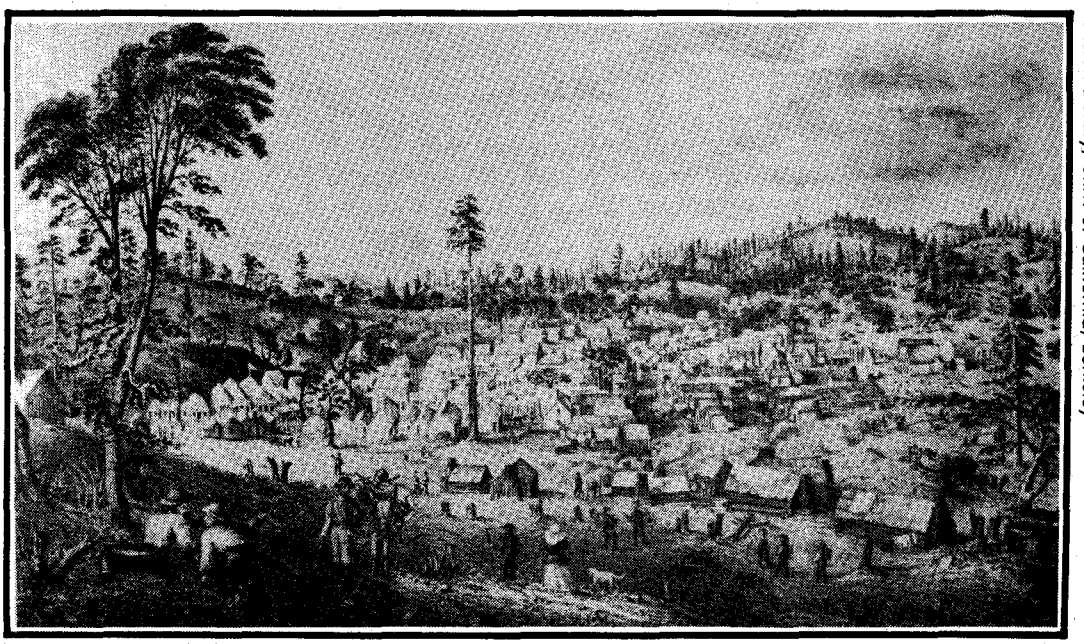
SAVED FROM HANGING

By Clarence M. Fink

Columbia, California missed becoming the site of the State capital by the narrow margin of two votes.



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Faced with hardships and extortionate prices, the 49ers in the Mother Lode country adopted habits as rough and wild as the mountainous areas they worked. Like snake skins they cast off any semblance to civility, and theirs was a leveling society that never talked about the equality of the men about them, only the toil of their hands and the accomplishments of wresting wealth from the earth.

In this practical democracy the miners lived in tents and crude cabins that crawled with lice and fleas, and these unwashed 49ers regularly ran the gauntlet of hard toil and endured cold water that chilled them to the bone. Murder and hanging were commonplace, and the gold diggers were even subjected to politics and politicians, whether they wanted them or not.

James Wood Coffroth was one of these typical and early politicians of California. His personal ambition to succeed was inflated to the point that his optimism changed him to be the jolliest, readiest, and freest man that ever faced a California audience. This chubby young gentleman with the pale complexion and white, expensive shirts and collars was happy to be in the public eye at every opportunity.

He was greatly pleased to be employed on the staff of the Sonora *Herald*. Coffroth had a strong ego drive, and the poems and editorials which he composed with uncommon rhetoric got home to most readers. However, though well - liked by many, he had an unhealthy habit of stepping on the toes of the radical miners in his articles. Some of these took it upon themselves to abruptly remove him and his editorial policies from the newspaper in a somewhat violent manner.

A small group of angry individuals invaded the composing office and fired deadly bullets at him which barely missed. Whether this close call influenced him or not, it was but a short while before Coffroth quit the paper to take up the study of law.

In 1851 Coffroth, now a promising lawyer, settled down in Columbia and became its favorite son. With hardly any great effort on his part he was elected to the State Assembly and then to the Senate. He loved the glare and spotlight of publicity, and in 1855 he challenged a man to a duel for defaming his character to a woman and for interference in his private affairs. Though his opponent declined, his part in the ruckus helped his cause for publicity, and he was soon boomed by a variety of backers for governor. The reason he quoted for running for office was that he wanted to help pardon his many friends in the state prison.

When Pete Nicholas, an Austrian miner who was loaded to the gills with rot gut whiskey and in a fighting mood, stabbed John Parote from nearby Pine Log, he was immediately arrested and thrown in jail to face trial. Though this was an ordinary incident in a gold camp, the men of Pine Log banded together to see that their dead friend Pete Parote received justice for the attack. They marched into Columbia to carry out that justice as quickly as possible.

Next morning the mob dragged Pete Nicholas from the care of the town constable and selected a nearby tree to swing him from. Just as the victim was about to meet his dire fate, the constable and his deputy hastily intervened and climbed the tree to cut the rope, but the weight of the lawmen plus the hanging man snapped the young limb, dropping the trio heavily to the ground.

But the determined crowd, not to be denied, grabbed the helpless prisoner again and roughly dragged him to another tree. It was at this timely moment that James Coffroth burst upon the scene. Gaining the hanging group's attention, he began to appeal to the mob's better side. The murderer he agreed ought to be hanged: "But for the everlasting honor of our glorious republic, let all things be done decently. Of course Nicholas will be hanged, but for the credit of Columbia give the man a real trial."

Because he was greatly respected by the out - of - towners who knew him as well as those in Columbia, his strategy worked. Enough time was consumed for the sheriff of Sonora, with his organized deputies, to arrive and address the milling crowd: "Gentlemen, you will excuse me, but this man is going to the Sonora jail, there to await his trial by law. I'm going to take him there." Some of the mob began to move forward but were halted by the organized lawmen who held firm. A few militant miners cursed

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the sheriff and Coffroth, but despite these angry and disappointed ones Nicholas was taken and lodged in the Sonora jail.

The following February he was tried and sentenced to hang. At this point it looked as if Coffroth's promise would come true, but Pete Nicholas' new lawyer, Pat Parker, was as smart and cunning as Coffroth. He knew that the entire state was being absorbed in the problem of selecting a permanent state capital. At Benicia the legislators were being flooded with petitions from San Jose, Sacramento, and other ambitious towns that were scrambling for the honor.

Not to be left out of the running for the top prize, the camp of Pine Log started their own petition to become the state capital and energetically circulated it throughout the county. After it bore 10,000 signatures, Pete Nicholas' new defense lawyer saw it lying on a store counter in Columbia. Suddenly seized with a quick inspiration, Parker quietly and quickly slipped the petition into his pocket and hurried back to his office.

Carefully he tore off the original heading and replaced it with a new one that pleaded for the commutation of Pete Nicholas' sentence and dispatched it to Governor John Bigler by horseback express. Though the governor knew nothing about Pete Nicholas, he was quick to notice the 10,000 signatures.

When he saw them, he immediately reasoned that all of these men signers couldn't be mistaken about their judgment of Pete Nicholas' character, so this man in his high office readily reduced Pete's term to ten years in jail, figuring he couldn't be all that bad.

Then in four years he was suddenly a free man again. Cheated of justice but intrigued at the clever ruse that fooled the governor, Pine Log and Columbia went along with the joke, each town embellishing it into a fantastic California legend. Columbia made a superhuman effort to grab the state capital for itself and, after making a sterling try, fell short only by the amazingly narrow margin of two votes.

●RW

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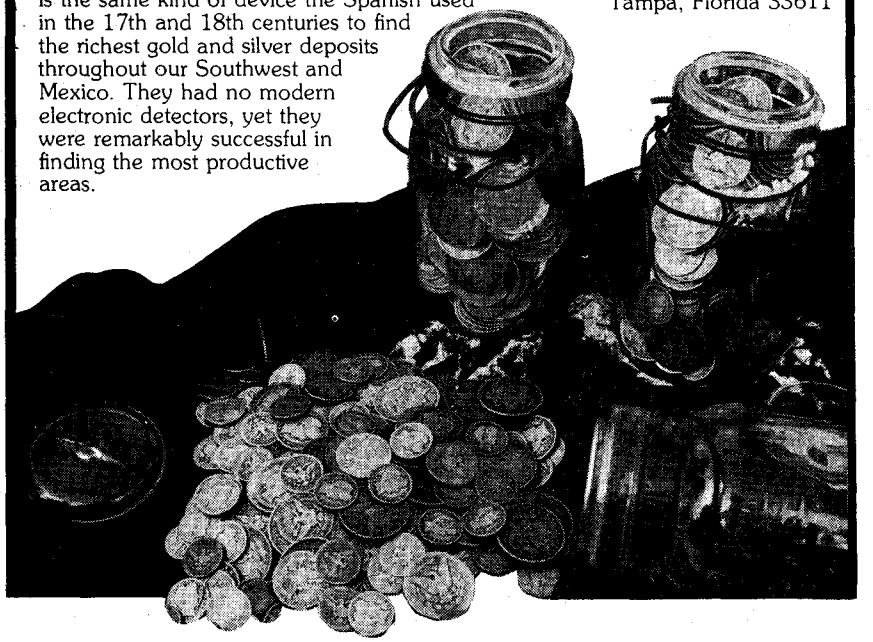

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NANCY KELSEY

(continued from page 34)

edge of the San Joaquin Valley, but they did not know that they were in California. Nancy, sick from eating the roasted acorns, had to be supported by her husband as she dragged herself forward on bare, blistered feet. Joseph Chiles carried Annie. Everyone slept that night wherever darkness overtook them. Next morning, a fat coyote was killed and eaten for breakfast.

They traveled toward a stand of timber through which the Stanislaus River flowed, and there they found antelope and sandhill cranes. Two of each were killed that evening. Wild grapes were plentiful and delicious. The Coast range of mountains was in sight, and the emigrants thought it must be crossed before they could reach California, some believing that they had five hundred miles yet to travel. Two scouts went ahead to find a crossing, and two others rode out to observe the country.

One of the men returned that night to report that he had met an Indian on horseback who had offered to guide them to Marsh's Ranch. They knew then that they were in California, and with renewed courage, they traveled to the San Joaquin River, crossed, and arrived at Dr. Marsh's Ranch on November 4, 1841, six months after they had set out from Sapling Grove, Missouri. That night, Nancy slept under a roof in a room of the adobe ranch house with her husband and baby girl.

Not yet did the young emigrants realize their achievement in making that heroic journey. In the years ahead they would be honored in story and in history. A remarkable number of the men in the party achieved prominence and wealth in California. Ten years after the epic trip, Talbot Green, by then a respected businessman and a popular candidate for mayor of San Francisco in 1851, was publicly and dramatically denounced as being, in fact, Paul Geddes, a defaulting bank clerk, who had deserted a wife and children. The mystery of the "chunk of lead" seemed to be explained. Vowing to clear his name, he sailed from San Francisco for the east coast and never returned.

(continued on page 60)

HOTSPURS by Patrick

I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND ALL THIS WESTERN VIOLENCE!
IT'S GREED, BOY..GREED!
WHY..TWO DECENT MEN CAN HAVE IDENTICAL GOLD CLAIMS LIKE YOU AND ME..THEN ONE GETS THE IDEA THAT THE OTHER'S IS RICHER...
..THAT HIS FRIEND'S NUGGETS ARE BIGGER ..THAT HIS FIND IS A BONANZA..THAT HERE IS WEALTH BEYOND IMAGINATION..THAT..
...THAT..DAGNABIT..... HIS NUGGETS ARE BIGGER THAN MINE!

As you locate a word in the diagram, circle it and cross it off the word list. All words are always found in a straight line either FORWARD, BACKWARD, UP, DOWN, or DIAGONALLY. No letters are ever skipped. You will not use up all the letters in a given diagram.

OLD WEST CHARACTERS

B	S	I	P	G	A	R	R	E	T	T	N	
I	O	N	R	E	K	R	A	P	J	D	A	
L	R	S	A	R	E	L	A	B	R	U	E	
L	B	Y	E	D	A	L	T	O	N	S	B	
Y	R	D	T	M	A	T	F	I	P	L	Y	
T	E	I	T	O	A	G	S	R	E	S	O	
H	G	S	A	W	I	J	O	M	S	U	R	
E	N	S	Y	B	U	S	E	A	O	P	E	
K	U	A	W	E	S	O	B	S	I	T	G	
I	O	C	A	R	S	M	O	T	S	A	D	
D	Y	B	K	C	A	R	S	O	N	E	U	
S	O	R	B	S	G	N	I	N	N	E	J	

OLD WEST CHARACTERS

- B. CASSIDY
- BIGFORD
- BILLY THE KID
- DALTONS ✓
- JENNINGS BROS.
- JESSE JAMES ✓
- J. PARKER
- JUDGE ROY BEAN
- K. CARSON
- P. GARRETT
- SAM BASS
- S.P. ROSS
- TOM STARR
- WYATT EARP
- YOUNGER BROS.

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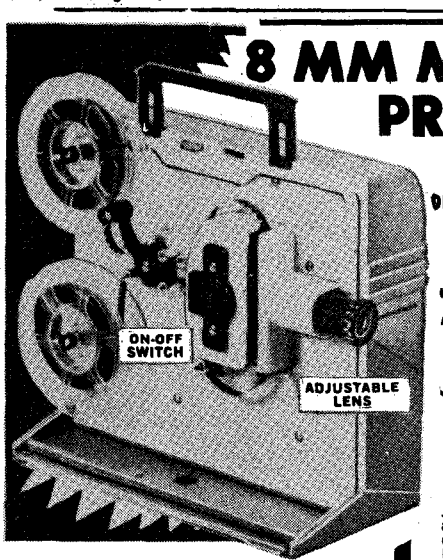

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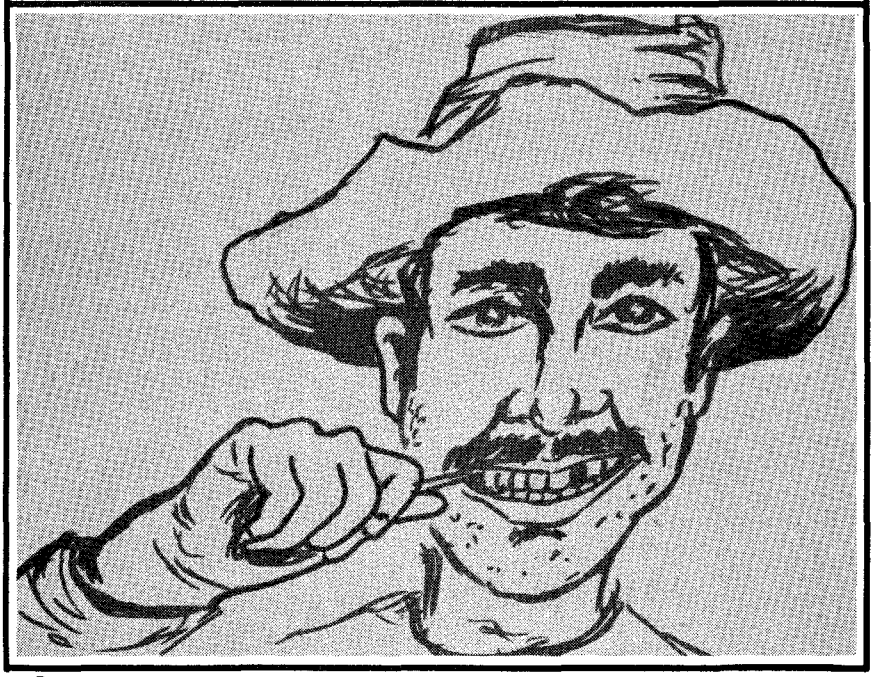
TOOTHPICK BONANZA

By Clarence M. Fink



Albert Bernard de Russailh was new to San Francisco, California and to America in general. Direct from Paris, this ambitious Frenchman had a burning desire to set up an Odds and Ends shop and dispose of a variety of cheap goods which he hoped would interest everyone. With hardly the vaguest knowledge of what items would attract the growing hordes of miners passing through town on their way to the Mother Lode country, he decided to operate from the very center of the fast growing Bay district.

From a hole-in-the-wall establishment on the main street Russailh met his first customer, a burly gold digger who bought a pair of inexpensive red suspenders and eyed a half-dozen unpriced packs of toothpicks which the enterprising entrepreneur had used to help round out his display counter.

"How much for these?" he inquired gruffly.

Somewhat startled and non-plused at what to charge, the seller replied half-jokingly: "50 cents a pack!" hoping he hadn't insulted his buyer. The Frenchman knew that no respectable Parisian restaurant or eating place would even think or dare to charge for such worthless but helpful items. Free to all customers, an average diner for lunch and dinner would use up and break about a dozen toothpicks daily and toss them carelessly on the floor.

It was on the tip of his tongue to say, "Nothing to you Monsieur!" when the muscular and brawny purchaser offered him a bit of worthwhile advice — "You'll never make any money selling these so cheap!" — as he quickly purchased the entire lot.

But remembering that he was in gold-hunting California rather than France, he placed another batch of teeth-pickers optimistically on the counter with a "75 cents each" tag. To his surprised amazement they sold like hot cakes, making them his best seller. That night he took stock of his unexpected windfall of sales. For his own personal use and a giveaway to friends he had brought a total of 496 packs of 24 items each. To up his profit he divided each package of toothpicks in half. Mystified as to why the gold diggers still continued to buy them at a dollar a dozen, he had no gripe against his good fortune, only that his foresight hadn't matched his hindsight in the first place. A ship full of toothpicks, he mused, would have made his fortune without going to the gold fields. ●**RW**

SOURCE:

From San Francisco to the Gold Region, by Rick Rogers, Los Angeles, 1938.

NANCY KELSEY

(continued from page 58)

In later years, Colonel Joseph B. Chiles wrote of Nancy, "cheerful nature and kind heart" and "She bore the fatigues of the journey with so much heroism, patience and kindness that there still exists a warmth in every heart for the mother and child." Nancy followed her husband for eighteen years in a life filled with adventure. They traveled up into Oregon, back to California, then to Texas, and a last return to California. No records reveal little Annie's fate, and it has been thought that she died in early childhood.

Another daughter is remembered in history because she was scalped by Indians in Texas when whe was twelve years old. Deranged by shock, she died in Fresno, California, when she was eighteen. Benjamin Kelsey, Nancy's husband, died in Los Angeles in 1888.

A few years before her death , Nancy said, "I have enjoyed riches and suffered poverty. I have seen Ulysses S. Grant when he was little known. I have baked bread for General Fremont and talked with Kit Carson. I have run from bear, and I have killed most all other kinds of small game."

On August 9, 1896, Nancy died at age seventy-three, unattended by a physician, on a homestead in Cottonwood Canyon. Her grave lies in a lonely, beautiful section of Upper Cuyama Valley, east of Santa Barbara, California. The setting sun shines on the resting place of that gallant woman who followed the westerly sun with her husband on that first overland trail into California. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Echoes of the past by General John Bidwell, Citadel Pioneer Book 1962

John Bidwell Prince of Pioneers, by Rockwell D. Hunt The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Ohio 1942

The California Trail by George R. Stewart McGraw-Hill Book Company

Trail Blazing Pioneer by Helen S. Griffen John Howell Books 1969

California Through Four Centuries by Phil Townsend Hanna Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., on Murray Hill, New York. 1935

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INCREDIBLE SOLDIER

(continued from page 19)

way, before civilization was left behind, to obtain writing assignments from leading publications, but he arrived at the point of departure ahead of the party he was to join — and a few days of waiting was all the restless writer could stand!

Not only was Alex McGrew perhaps the most determined and impatient man in America, he must have possessed the most energy; for he pushed his load an incredible 20 to 30 miles a day. Oddly enough, he was probably in less danger from astonished Indians or renegade whites than a larger and more conspicuous party might have been.

People could hardly believe their eyes, but they began to watch for the arrival of "Wheelbarrow" McGrew at way stations or settlements all across the vast, monotonous miles. Wagon train or stagecoach passengers must have pinched themselves in disbelief as the small, solitary figure patiently followed in their wake (occasionally even ahead of them) across those empty, trackless plains.

"Too slow for me," McGrew is quoted as replying when invited to join a wagon train about midway across Kansas.

Before his west-bound friends from Pennsylvania overtook him, McGrew had nearly traveled afoot across the Great Plains. He was finally footsore and weary enough to be persuaded to load his wheelbarrow into a wagon and ride the very last couple of miles into Denver.

Thus did Alex "Wheelbarrow" McGrew arrive, to become one of the important early citizens in the newly founded mining settlement destined to become the state capital. He was probably Denver's first professional newspaperman, and he arrived in time to record for papers in the east an account of the frontier town's first Christmas celebration.

Like many of those who set out to make their fortune digging gold, McGrew's other talents sidetracked him, and as time went on he was still to be found in Denver, doing a fine job of reporting both for Denver's first newspapers and as correspondent for eastern publications.

McGrew was also civic-minded. He took an active part in the growth of the city and was among the first to volunteer for military service when North-South hostilities in the "far-off" states began to reverberate in the frontier territories.

Like others in the Territories of Colorado and New Mexico, McGrew and his fellow enlistees in the First Volunteers saw that the danger of a Confederate takeover in the southwest was acute during these early years of the Civil War. After a shift in loyalty by several Federal officers with Confederate sympathies, there was little opposition to a rebel takeover of Union posts up and down the Rio Grande.

The green Colorado Volunteers who marched through Santa Fe by way of Fort Garland (in southwestern Colorado Territory) to save Fort Craig were under vicious attack, but they did themselves credit, even when victory went to the rebels.

Among the heavy casualties, spunky, little Alex McGrew recovered to return to his reportorial and civic duties in Denver. He eventually went back east, presumably without his wheelbarrow, and became editor of the New York *Evening News*. ●RW

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BUFFALO SKINNERS

(continued from page 51)

Treasury of American Folklore. So does the folksong section of that standard reference work, *Grove's Dictionary of Music,* which section was written by the eminent musicologist, Dr. Charles Seeger.

Could Ireland be in the ancestry of this remarkable song? No one knows. If so, we have sent the tune back to Ireland in contemporary times. "Canada I no" an Irish variant of our own Maine lumberjack song "Canada-I-O", can be heard in the LP recording called *Irish Love Songs,* sung by Patrick Galvin, with guitar and banjo accompaniment (showing Western influences) by Al Jeffrey on Riverside Record RLP12-608, edited by Kenneth Goldstein.

Under strict government supervision the buffalo, correct name American bison, are gradually increasing, though they will never again be numbered in the millions. A buffalo authority and frequent contributor to REAL WEST, Norman B. Wiltsey, estimated their number in 1968 as being approximately 14,000. This growing remnant was divided between 20 ranges and preserves, as well as ranches, in more than 40 states.

Very minimal hunting of private herds is permitted, it being under strict Federal licensing procedures. As a result, some dearly - priced buffalo meat finds its way to Western and Midwestern restaurants and supermarkets.

"Bison meat tastes like tender beef although darker and smaller grained," Mr. Wiltsey commented in a magazine article published during 1968. "Laboratory tests have determined that it is lower in cholesterol content than beef and is recommended by physicians for special diets."

We can be glad that some Indians, little Indians, still enjoy buffalo meat at least once in awhile. Mr. Wiltsey added that:

"Buffalo shot for conservation reasons by national park rangers are butchered and the meat distributed to charitable institutions, including schools on Indian reservations where the children are thus afforded an opportunity to taste the favorite food of their ancestors."

As is, the American Indian has never forgotten those huge beasts once called "the Lords of the Plains". The buffalo remains in that complex psyche of our tradition — conscious countrymen as much as do the arrow and the tomahawk, the streams and the prairies where their ancestors camped and hunted.

Buffalo legends are still to be found among very old Indians on reservations. Buffalo chants are still heard at Indian cultural gatherings; buffalo dances are still being performed. Buffalo themes are pictured in the paintings of many outstanding Indian artists.

But of late, the popularity of that stirring ballad, "The Buffalo Skinners", has waned among us Caucasians.

"I haven't heard that buffalo ballad sung since I was a kid," Oklahoma country musician Marion Stone told REAL WEST. "It rates a comeback for being just too fine a piece to die out."

Fortunately, however "The Buffalo Skinners" has been preserved in several different versions on single discs and Western album collections. These are listed in a discography accompanying this article.

All these recordings are well done. You can easily learn the historic song from any of them. ● **RW**

Discography

Library of Congress L28, edited by Emrich. J. Lomax sings Buffalo Skinners, 1941.

Frontier Ballads and Cowboy Songs, Bill Bender (Stinson SLP#18), Also Asch 410-3A

The Rambling Boys, Elliott and Adams (Topic 10T14)

Cowboy Songs, Woody Guthrie & Cisco Houston (Stinson SLP-44)

American Folksongs, John A. Lomax Jr. (Folkways FG 3508)

REFERENCE SOURCES;

Grove's Dictionary of Music, Folk Music Section.

Songs of the Cowboys, Fife

Folksingers and Folksongs in America, Lawless

Archives of American Folk Song, Library of Congress List

Index to Song Books, Leigh

American Ballads and Songs, Pound

Adventures of a Ballad Hunter, John Lomax

Journal of American Folklore, many issues

Oklahoma Historical Society, Archives and Library

JESSE JAMES

(continued from page 43)

vehemently refused to do this. His wound was treated by Dr. A. B. Hereford, but he was certain that he was going to die, and he began the grueling trek to Nebraska to be with his mother.

A week after the shooting, Dave Pool and forty other guerrillas surrendered to Major Rodgers and told of how Jesse James had been wounded. Jesse's name was not even listed among these guerrillas surrendering, so sure was Major Rodgers that the lad would die. This omission made Jesse James a hunted man. Most accurate accounts of the James story do agree that the young man came to Lexington at the close of the war with the intention of surrendering and was fired upon by jittery or drunken Union soldiers.

Further proof of the shooting is found in the statement of John L. Jones, who told of the run-in with the guerrillas outside the town of Lexington. Jones was twenty years old at the time and a private in the Third Wisconsin Cavalry. He claimed the distinction of firing the last shot of the Civil War and the shot that wounded the later famous outlaw, Jesse James.

In Nebraska, Jesse begged his mother to take him back to Missouri so that he could die on his native soil. More dead than alive, he was transported on a flatboat down the Missouri River and landed across from Kansas City at a bustling river town called Harlem. There he was taken to the home of Rev. John W. and Mary Mims (Mimms), for it was considered too dangerous to take him to his home at Kearney.

At the Mims home he again met his first cousin, Zerelda Mims, age 20, and the two fell in love. It was she who nursed Jesse James back to health, and on April 24, 1874, the two were married at the home of Zee's sister, Lucy Browder, at Kearney. The Rev. William James, uncle of the bride and groom, reluctantly officiated at the marriage.

No explanation has been given as to Jesse and Zee being first cousins, and it is high time this was done. This relationship was that they were first cousins by reason of Zerelda's mother, Mary, being Jesse's aunt and Zerelda's father and Jesse's grandmother, Polly Poor, being double first cousins.

Speaking of cousins, the story of Jesse being a cousin of the Youngers and the Fords is pure hogwash. ● **RW**

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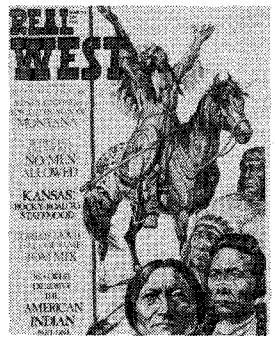

MARCH 1972

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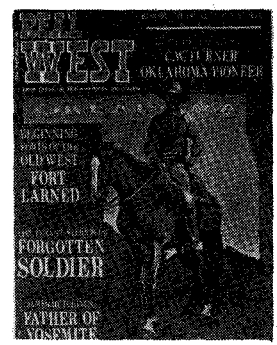
Bethsheba, Oklahoma--No Men Allowed

Kansas:Rocky Road To Statehood

Cowboy Movie Hall Of Fame--Tom Mix



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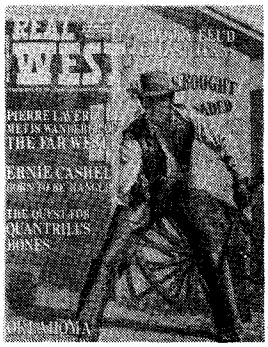
Lieutenant Sternberg--*Forgotten Soldier*

James Hutchings, Father of Yosemite

C.W.Turner--Oklahoma Pioneer



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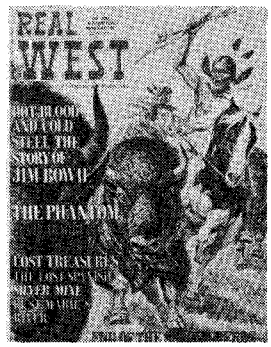
Ernie Cashel--Born to be Hanged

The Quest for Quantrill's Bones

Oklahoma Train Robbery



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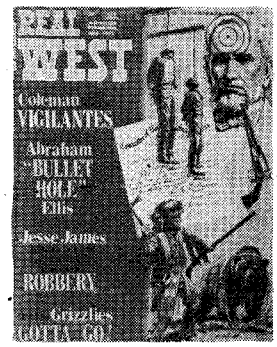

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Abraham "Bullet-hole" *Ellis*

Jesse James and the Liberty Bank Robbery

The Grizzlies Gotta Go

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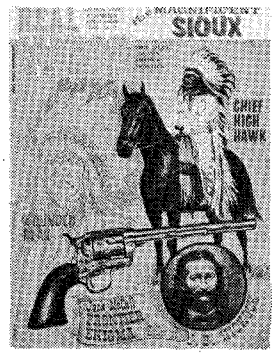

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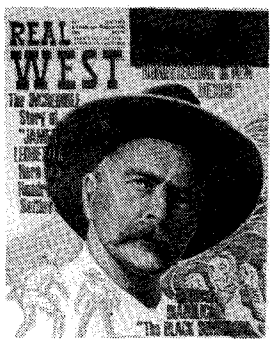

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

from the southern part of the hemisphere. The third variety is closely related to the basket maker corn found in the southwest and believed to have spread from there to the prairies in the first millennium of the Christian Era. The fourth type of corn found in the prairies, as well as in the east, is called dent corn because of the dents in the top of the kernels.

This is a flour variety and has been found in prehistoric and protohistoric archeological sites on the prairies. However, this has not been found at sites in the east. In 1705 reference to dent corn in the east was made in a book by Beverley, "History of Virginia". It is believed this corn came to the southeast from the prairies in historic times. The modern commercial corn raised today is a cross between Indian flints and dents.

The tribes of eastern America, along with their agriculture which furnished about half of their diet, also did some hunting and fishing. They raised corn and beans, usually in one field, and grew gardens of squash. Wild plant foods, especially nuts, were eaten. Deer was hunted as well as small game. The tribes living along the Mississippi River consumed large quantities of fish, and along the seacoast shellfish was in great demand. The diet of the eastern tribes, for the most part, satisfied every nutritional need. Famines were rare because of the abundance of wild food to eat, should crops be destroyed by enemies or crop failure.

In some parts of their area, the Great Basin and plateau tribes depended upon the moose and other large game for food. Others in this vast area depended upon the wild plants found here. Pinon, from which pine nuts were obtained, was the most common species used for food. Seeds of other plants were eaten, as well as a few roots. Those tribes who could hunted mountain sheep, antelope and other game.Rabbits were the most common type of game eaten. Famines were common in this area, and the people were often hungry and ate rodents, reptiles and insects. These people did not have a nutritious diet.

The desert people farmed in varying degrees. The Pueblos followed an intensive form of agriculture by growing beans, squash and sunflowers. Agricultural products accounted for 85 to 90 percent of their diet. Wild plants were of less importance, but a number of spices were used. Many kind of roots, greens, fruits, seeds and nuts were also consumed. They also had chewing gum and various beverages. Corn constituted 80 percent of the diet.

The Navajo had learned farming from the Pueblos in the seventeenth century, and they relied on corn more than hunting. These tribes had four kinds of corn, the oldest being pod-popcorn of 4000 B. C. The second was a flour variety which came up the west coast from Mexico and into Arizona as early as 200-100 B. C. and was called Hohokam-Basket Maker after the archeological cultures with which it was discovered. This is found today among the Pima, Papago and River Yumas. Among the prehistoric Basket Makers living in northern Arizona, this corn was modified from A. D. 200 to 1200 and to create a third kind. Between A. D. 1200 and 1300 this third type developed into a fourth kind as a result of hybridization with flint corn.

Meat was not always easy to obtain in this area. Some deer, antelope and mountain sheep were eaten, and tribes living near the plains occasionally hunted buffalo. However, rabbits were the most common form of meat. A few tribes captured and kept wild turkeys in cages or tied up to breed for food. Some of the tribes living along the Rio Grande ate fish, but many tribes felt fish to be taboo. Famines occurred often among the Pueblos where drought sometimes seriously affected the crops. In spite of the beans these tribes ate, their diet was probably deficient in protein.

The diet of the California Indians consisted largely of acorns. The acorn was ground into a meal from which the tannic acid had been leached out with water, then boiled to make a mush or baked into an unleavened bread. Many smaller seeds were prepared much in the same way, then parched. Small game, rodents and birds, as well as earthworms, grasshoppers and caterpillars, furnished much of the food, as the larger game such as deer were often unobtainable. Tribes along the seacoast ate all kinds of fish. Those living in the southern part of California ate agave, mesquite and cactus as staples. The mild winters of California made the people relatively free of famines, but hunger was common, and their food often had little nutritious value.

The people of the northwest coast had five different kinds of salmon in their diet, as well as a dozen or more species of salt water fish, of which halibut and cod were the most important. The common source of their oil was the candlefish which is so oily that it will burn like a candle if a wick is inserted in it. Dozens of species of shellfish and some sea mammals were all part of the diet of these tribes. Some of the coastal people gathered sea plants and dried them, then pressed them into cakes for future use. There were sixty types of spices in this area.

Salal berries, blueberries and camas roots were eaten. The diet of these people was entirely adequate and sufficient. Famines were few, as fish, shellfish and mammals furnished an excess of protein and an abundance of fat in their diet. The roots provided the starch, and the berries furnished the sugar needed. Their method of drying fish did not diminish the vitamin content to any great degree, so even though vitamins A and D did vary from species to species, some of the fish oil still equaled that of cod liver oil. One of the berries had three times as much iron and copper as raisins and prunes.

While many tribes in North America might not have had all the nutrition needed in their diet, pure water and fresh air, along with the very exercise of obtaining their food, kept the American Indian, in early days, relatively healthy and free of disease.

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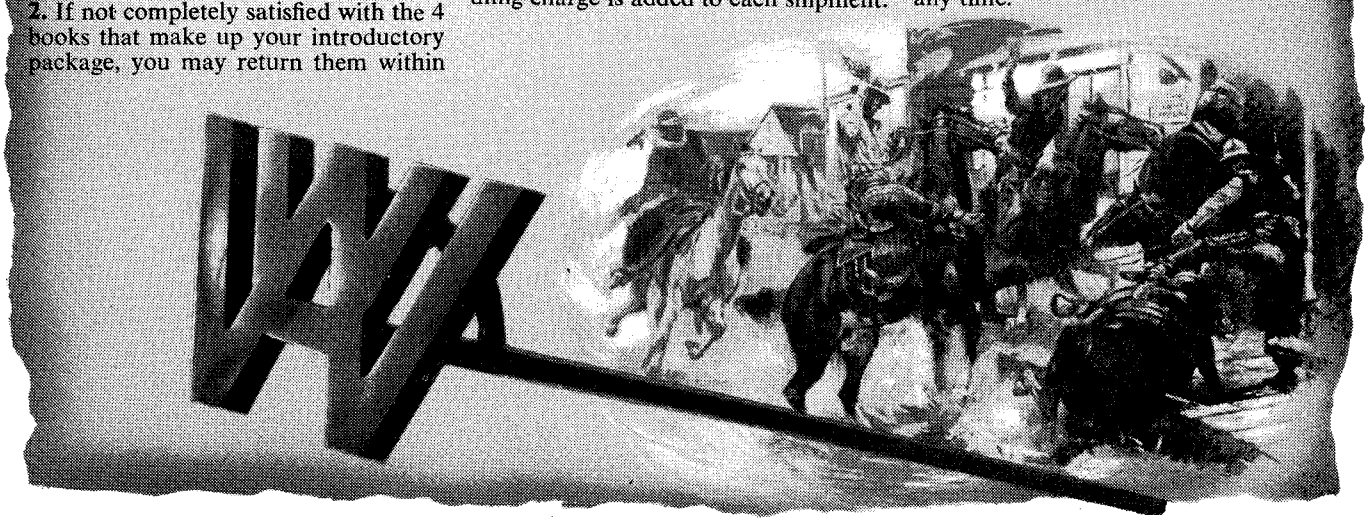

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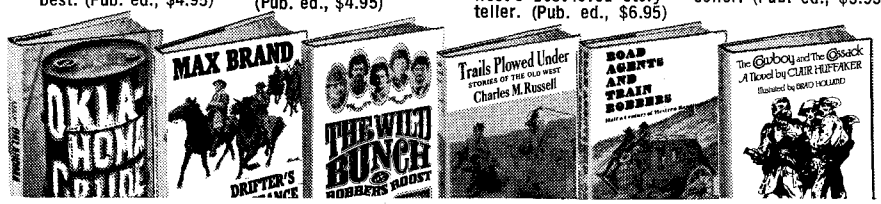

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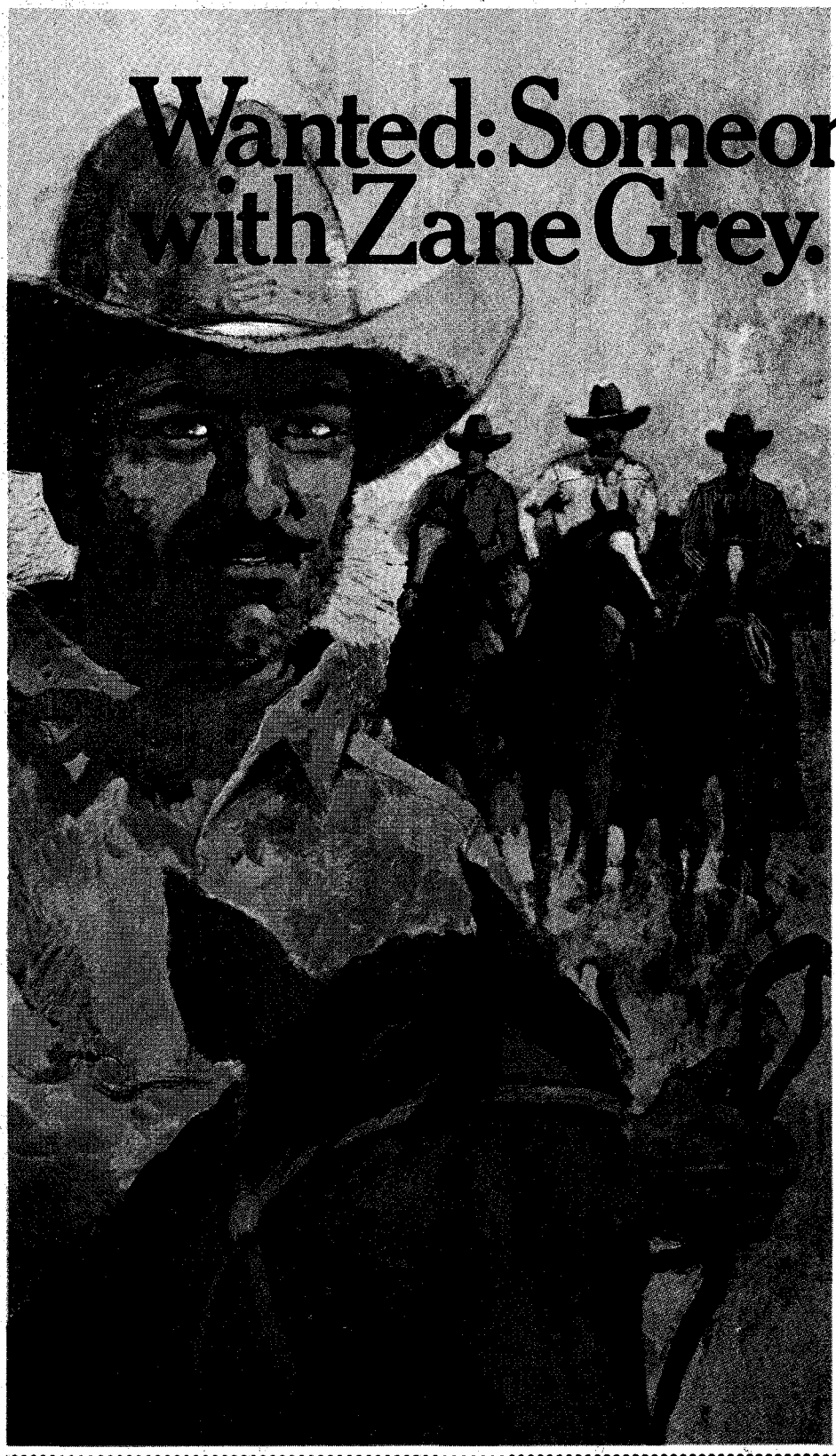

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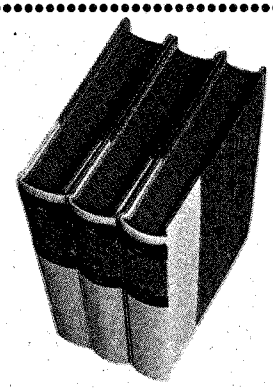

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